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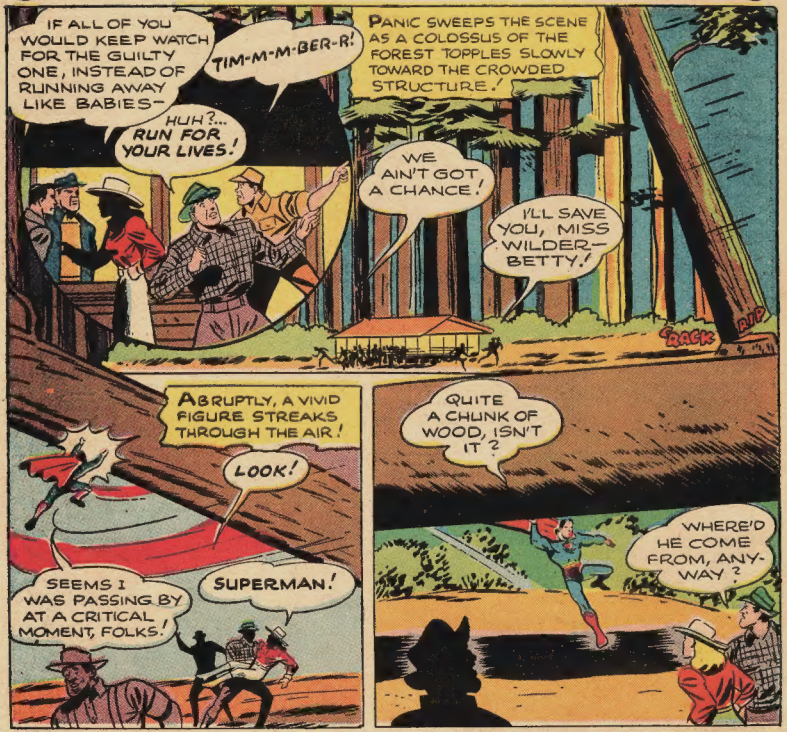
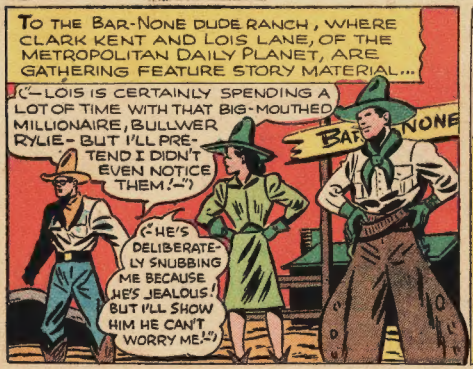
SUPERMAN
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
by JERRY SIEGEL AND JOE SHUSTER
MISFORTUNE AWAITS ANYONE FOOLHARDY ENOUGH TO ATTEMPT TO CUT DOWN THE WORLD'S TALLEST TREES, SAYS AN ANCIENT LEGEND—AND A SERIES OF SHOCKING "ACCIDENTS" IN A LUMBER CAMP OWNED BY A COURAGEOUS GIRL SEEMS TO PROVE IT! AMID THE RING OF AXES AND THE CRASHING OF FOREST GIANTS, TERROR SPREADS—UNTIL THE MIGHTY MAN OF TOMORROW ROCKETS TO THE SCENE TO FIGHT THE PERILOUS...
"BATTLE OF THE REDWOODS!"

HERE, WHERE TREES SOAR HIGHER THAN ANYWHERE ELSE ON EARTH, MEN'S SPIRITS ARE AT THEIR LOWEST EBB!
I TELL YE, THIS PIECE O' TIMBER IS JINXED! THAT OLD INDIAN LEGEND ABOUT BAD LUCK COMIN' TO MEN WHO CUT THESE TREES IS TRUE!
MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT. WE ONLY BEEN ON THE JOB TWO DAYS, AN' ONE MAN GOT RUN OVER BY A TRUCK AN' ONE GOT HIT WHEN A AX HEAD FLEW OFF!
CUT OUT THAT KIND OF TALK! HALF THE MEN HAVE WALKED OFF THE JOB ALREADY, AND I'M NOT GOING TO HAVE THE REST QUIT BECAUSE SOME OF YOU HOMBRES ARE SUPERSTITIOUS!
IT AIN'T SUPERSTITION, STAN CAXTON, WHEN YE SEE A THING HAPPEN WITH YOUR OWN EYES!
I'M FOREMAN HERE, AND I'M GOING TO SEE THAT THIS LUMBER IS DELIVERED ON SCHEDULE! UNDERSTAND?
IT WOULDN'T BE ON ACCOUNT O' YOU BEIN' SWEET ON OUR PURTY BOSS, ? NOW, WOULD IT?
YOU IGNORANT FOOL, I OUGHT TO SMASH YOUR TEETH DOWN YOUR THROAT FOR SAYING THAT!
TAKE IT EASY, STAN! I DIDN'T MEAN NOTHIN'!
RECKON OUR NERVES IS ALL ON EDGE, AFTER WHAT'S HAPPENED!
SUDDENLY TOUGH STEEL SHATTERS AND A CRY OF AGONY RINGS THROUGH THE GIANT FOREST!
WHAT—!
SNAP CRACK
GREAT SCOTT—THE SAW WENT TO PIECES LIKE IT WAS GLASS!
ANOTHER ONE!
QUICK! TAKE HIM TO THE OFFICE FOR FIRST-AID, THEN RUSH HIM TO A DOCTOR!
SUPERSTITION, EH? I'M QUITTIN' THIS MINUTE!
2

NOT FAR AWAY, WHERE A MOVABLE MOTOR SAW IS SLICING BRANCHES FROM A FALLEN TREE...
IMAGINE TEX GETTIN' DARN NEAR KILLED BY HIS OWN CROSSCUT SAW!
I DON'T LIKE IT! ONE MORE FREAK ACCIDENT AN' I'M HEADIN' OUT O' HERE!
THE NEXT INSTANT...
LOOK OUT!
HEY!
IT'LL KILL US!
AND WHEN THE WHIRLING TOOTHED DISC HAS COME TO REST...
IT GOT JAKE BEFORE HE COULD BUDGE!
LATER, IN THE COOK HOUSE...
THIS SETTLES IT! I'M THROUGH!
ME, TOO— SOON AS I HELP CARRY JAKE IN!
WE WANT OUR PAY!
WE'RE QUITTIN'! WHERE'S THE BOSS?
HERE SHE COMES NOW! TRY TO GIVE HER A BREAK, BOYS! SHE'S GOT TROUBLES ENOUGH!
BETTY WILDER, OWNER OF THE LUMBER CAMP, HAS FACED SOME DARK PROSPECTS IN HER BRIEF LIFE - BUT FEW DARKER THAN THIS!
NO USE TALKIN', MISS WILDER! WE'RE FINISHED!
YEAH— WE WANTA KEEP ON LIVIN'!
WILL YOU PLEASE LISTEN, JUST FOR A MINUTE?
I DON'T BELIEVE IN THAT RIDICULOUS INDIAN LEGEND! WHAT HAPPENED HERE HASN'T BEEN BAD LUCK— IT HAS BEEN DELIBERATELY PLANNED BY SOMEONE RIGHT IN THIS CAMP!
THAT'S WHAT I THINK, TOO!
3


IF ALL OF YOU WOULD KEEP WATCH FOR THE GUILTY ONE, INSTEAD OF RUNNING AWAY LIKE BABIES—
TIM-M-M-BER-R!
HUH?... RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!
PANIC SWEEPS THE SCENE AS A COLOSSUS OF THE FOREST TOPPLES SLOWLY TOWARD THE CROWDED STRUCTURE!
WE AIN'T GOT A CHANCE!
I'LL SAVE YOU, MISS WILDER—BETTY!
CRACK
ABRUPTLY, A VIVID FIGURE STREAKS THROUGH THE AIR!
LOOK!
SEEMS I WAS PASSING BY AT A CRITICAL MOMENT, FOLKS!
SUPERMAN!
QUITE A CHUNK OF WOOD, ISN'T IT?
WHERE'D HE COME FROM, ANYWAY?
NOW ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS SLICE IT UP AND BUILD A HUNDRED OR SO HOUSES OUT OF IT!
SUPERMAN, YOU'RE WONDERFUL! HOW CAN I EVER THANK YOU?
THE ONLY TROUBLE IS, I HAVE NO ONE TO CUT IT UP OR GET IT OUT! MY CREW IS QUITTING BECAUSE OF A SILLY SUPERSTITION!
WELL, ANYWAY, NO ONE CAN SAY WE DIDN'T DO OUR BEST!
HMMMM!
BUT WAIT A MINUTE! WHERE DID THE AMAZING MAN OF TOMORROW COME FROM, IN THE NICK OF TIME? PERHAPS WE'D BETTER GO BACK TO THE REAL BEGINNING OF THE STORY, WHICH WAS APPROXIMATELY TWO HOURS AGO...
4


TO THE BAR-NONE DUDE RANCH, WHERE CLARK KENT AND LOIS LANE, OF THE METROPOLITAN DAILY PLANET, ARE GATHERING FEATURE STORY MATERIAL...
("—LOIS IS CERTAINLY SPENDING A LOT OF TIME WITH THAT BIG-MOUTHED MILLIONAIRE, BULLWER RYLIE—BUT I'LL PRETEND I DIDN'T EVEN NOTICE THEM!—")
BAR NONE
("HE'S DELIBERATELY SNUBBING ME BECAUSE HE'S JEALOUS! BUT I'LL SHOW HIM HE CAN'T WORRY ME!—")

FOR A LUMBERMAN, YOU SEEM PRETTY HANDY WITH A ROPE, MR. RYLIE! WERE YOU EVER A COWBOY?
MISS LANE, I WAS THE ROOTIN-TOOTIN'-EST RANGE RIDER IN ALL CALIFORNIA IN MY YOUNGER DAYS! WATCH THIS!

WHAT—!
HA, HA, HA! THAT'S HOW I USED TO ROPE CALVES FOR BRANDIN'!
OH-H-H! POOR CLARK!

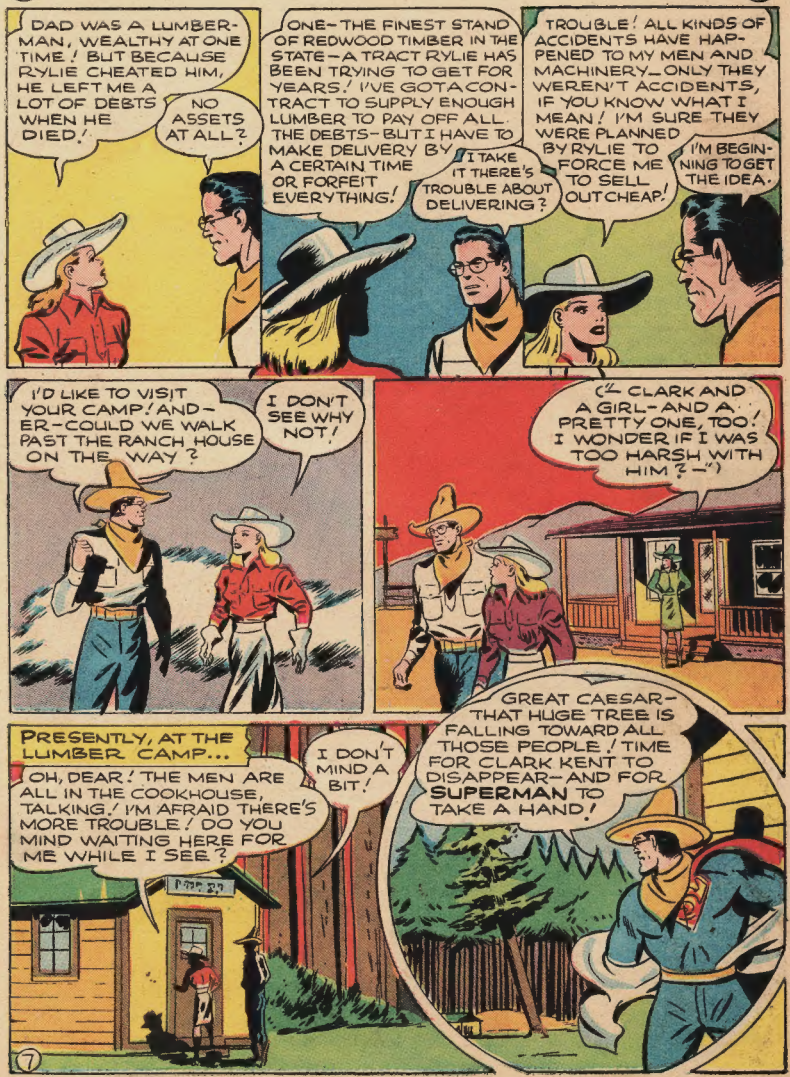
WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA?
I SHOULD THINK PEOPLE WOULD GET MAD WHEN YOU PULL STUNTS LIKE THAT!
THEY DO! HERE'S HOW I HANDLE 'EM!

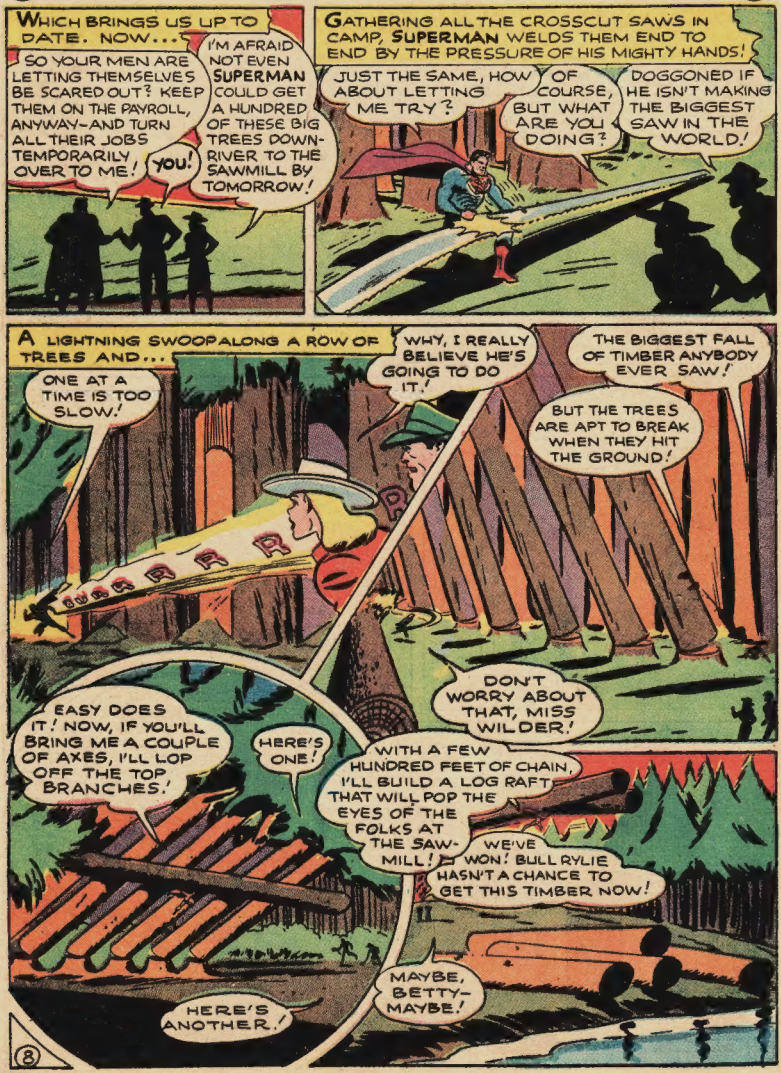
IF YOU THINK YOU'RE BEING FUNNY—HEY!
HO, HO, HO! THIS USUALLY STOPS THEM IN THEIR TRACKS!
BANG
GOOD GRIEF!

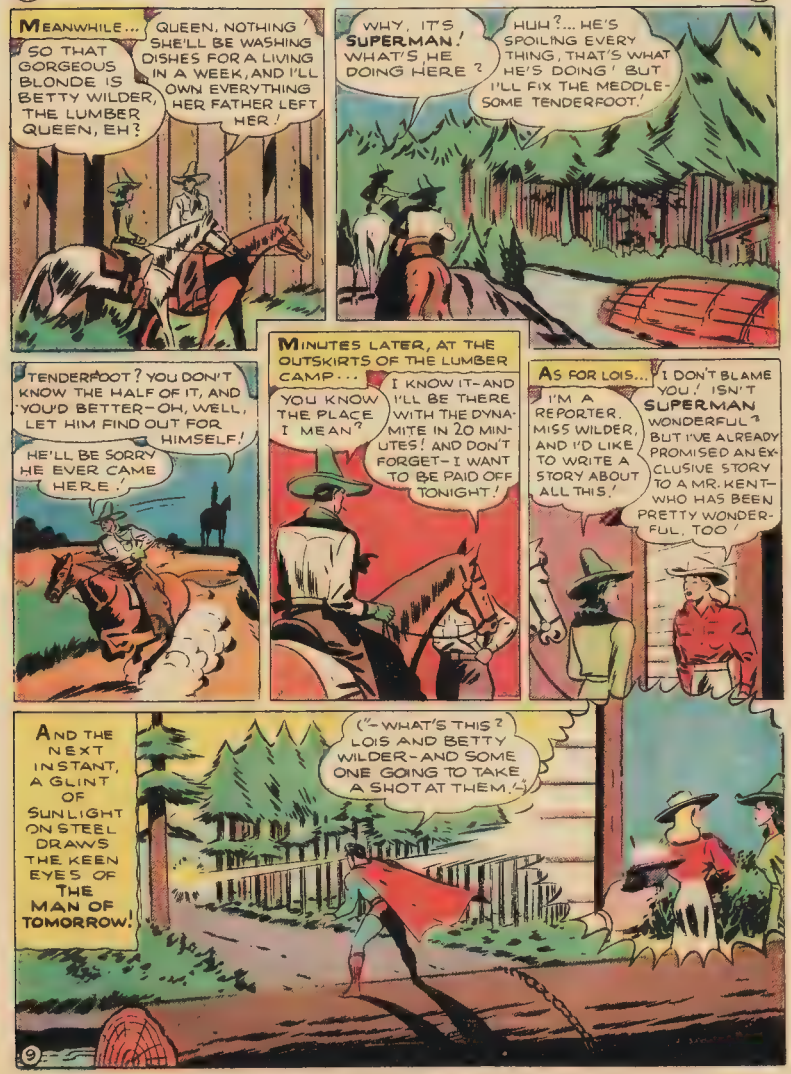
BUT IF IT DOESN'T, I GIVE 'EM A CHANCE TO FIGHT IT OUT WITH FISTS! HOW ABOUT IT, TENDERFOOT?
UH—NO, THANKS!
5

LADY SAYS SHE WANTS TO SEE BULL RYLIE!
GOOD! I BEEN EXPECTING HER!

I MUST SAY I DON'T THINK MUCH OF YOUR TASTE IN FRIENDS!
HE ISN'T MY TASTE— I'M HIS! HE ALWAYS STARTS THE CONVERSATIONS, AND THEY'RE ALWAYS ABOUT HIMSELF!
NONE
BUT AT LEAST HE HAS SOME BACKBONE!
YOU KNOW I DON'T LIKE BRAWLING, LOIS...
B
HUH?
RYLIE, YOU KNOW DARN WELL THAT TIMBER OF MINE IS WORTH TEN TIMES WHAT YOU WANT TO PAY FOR IT!
I'VE NAMED MY PRICE! IF YOU INSIST ON BEING UTTERLY RUINED BEFORE YOU ACCEPT IT, THAT'S YOUR BUSINESS!
YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH IT! SOMEHOW I'LL FIND PROOF OF YOUR CROOKEDNESS! I'LL FIGHT YOU TO THE LIMIT!
("WELL, WELL! —")
EXCUSE ME! I COULDN'T HELP OVERHEARING! YOU DON'T SEEM TO CARE FOR BULL RYLIE ANY MORE THAN I DO!
CARE FOR HIM? I HATE HIM! HE NEARLY RUINED MY FATHER BEFORE HE DIED, AND NOW HE'S TRYING TO RUIN ME!
I HAPPEN TO BE A NEWSPAPER REPORTER. IF RYLIE IS REALLY A CROOK, I'D LIKE TO EXPOSE HIM!
IF YOU CAN DO THAT, I'LL OWE YOU A LIFELONG DEBT OF GRATITUDE! AND MAYBE I CAN HELP YOU!

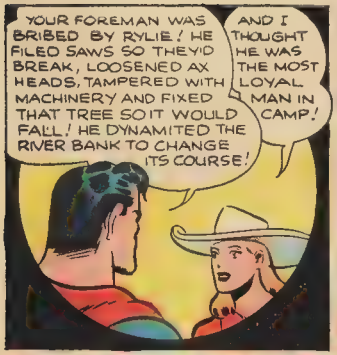

DAD WAS A LUMBERMAN, WEALTHY AT ONE TIME! BUT BECAUSE RYLIE CHEATED HIM, HE LEFT ME A LOT OF DEBTS WHEN HE DIED.
NO ASSETS AT ALL?
ONE—THE FINEST STAND OF REDWOOD TIMBER IN THE STATE—A TRACT RYLIE HAS BEEN TRYING TO GET FOR YEARS! I'VE GOT A CONTRACT TO SUPPLY ENOUGH LUMBER TO PAY OFF ALL THE DEBTS—BUT I HAVE TO MAKE DELIVERY BY A CERTAIN TIME OR FORFEIT EVERYTHING!
I TAKE IT THERE'S TROUBLE ABOUT DELIVERING?
TROUBLE! ALL KINDS OF ACCIDENTS HAVE HAPPENED TO MY MEN AND MACHINERY—ONLY THEY WEREN'T ACCIDENTS, IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN! I'M SURE THEY WERE PLANNED BY RYLIE TO FORCE ME TO SELL OUT CHEAP!
I'M BEGINNING TO GET THE IDEA.
I'D LIKE TO VISIT YOUR CAMP! AND—ER—COULD WE WALK PAST THE RANCH HOUSE ON THE WAY?
I DON'T SEE WHY NOT!
("... CLARK AND A GIRL—AND A PRETTY ONE, TOO! I WONDER IF I WAS TOO HARSH WITH HIM?—")
PRESENTLY, AT THE LUMBER CAMP...
OH, DEAR! THE MEN ARE ALL IN THE COOKHOUSE, TALKING! I'M AFRAID THERE'S MORE TROUBLE! DO YOU MIND WAITING HERE FOR ME WHILE I SEE?
I DON'T MIND A BIT!
GREAT CAESAR—THAT HUGE TREE IS FALLING TOWARD ALL THOSE PEOPLE! TIME FOR CLARK KENT TO DISAPPEAR—AND FOR SUPERMAN TO TAKE A HAND!

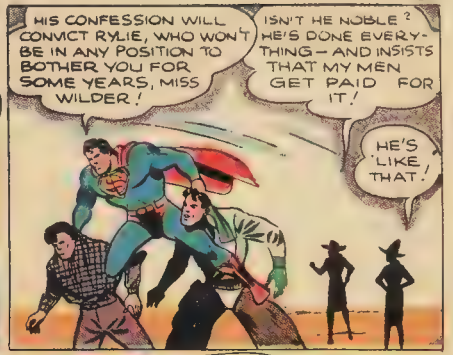

WHICH BRINGS US UP TO DATE. NOW...
SO YOUR MEN ARE LETTING THEMSELVES BE SCARED OUT? KEEP THEM ON THE PAYROLL, ANYWAY—AND TURN ALL THEIR JOBS TEMPORARILY OVER TO ME!
YOU!
I'M AFRAID NOT EVEN SUPERMAN COULD GET A HUNDRED OF THESE BIG TREES DOWN-RIVER TO THE SAWMILL BY TOMORROW!
GATHERING ALL THE CROSSCUT SAWS IN CAMP, SUPERMAN WELDS THEM END TO END BY THE PRESSURE OF HIS MIGHTY HANDS!
JUST THE SAME, HOW ABOUT LETTING ME TRY?
OF COURSE, BUT WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
DOGGONED IF HE ISN'T MAKING THE BIGGEST SAW IN THE WORLD!
A LIGHTNING SWOOPALONG A ROW OF TREES AND...
ONE AT A TIME IS TOO SLOW!
WHY, I REALLY BELIEVE HE'S GOING TO DO IT!
THE BIGGEST FALL OF TIMBER ANYBODY EVER SAW!
BUT THE TREES ARE APT TO BREAK WHEN THEY HIT THE GROUND!
DON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT, MISS WILDER!
EASY DOES IT! NOW, IF YOU'LL BRING ME A COUPLE OF AXES, I'LL LOP OFF THE TOP BRANCHES!
HERE'S ONE!
WITH A FEW HUNDRED FEET OF CHAIN, I'LL BUILD A LOG RAFT THAT WILL POP THE EYES OF THE FOLKS AT THE SAW-MILL!
WE'VE WON! BULL RYLIE HASN'T A CHANCE TO GET THIS TIMBER NOW!
MAYBE, BETTY—MAYBE!
HERE'S ANOTHER!

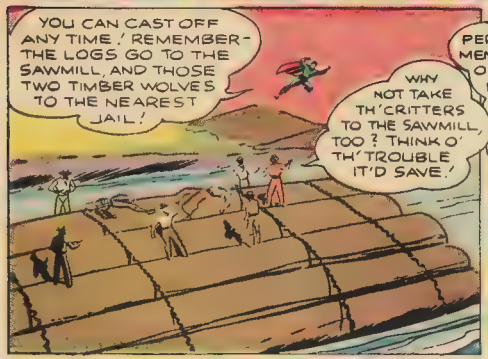

MEANWHILE...
SO THAT GORGEOUS BLONDE IS BETTY WILDER, THE LUMBER QUEEN, EH?
QUEEN, NOTHING! SHE'LL BE WASHING DISHES FOR A LIVING IN A WEEK, AND I'LL OWN EVERYTHING HER FATHER LEFT HER!
WHY, IT'S SUPERMAN! WHAT'S HE DOING HERE?
HUH?... HE'S SPOILING EVERY THING, THAT'S WHAT HE'S DOING! BUT I'LL FIX THE MEDDLESOME TENDERFOOT!
TENDERFOOT? YOU DON'T KNOW THE HALF OF IT, AND YOU'D BETTER—OH, WELL, LET HIM FIND OUT FOR HIMSELF!
HE'LL BE SORRY HE EVER CAME HERE!
MINUTES LATER, AT THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE LUMBER CAMP...
YOU KNOW THE PLACE I MEAN?
I KNOW IT—AND I'LL BE THERE WITH THE DYNAMITE IN 20 MINUTES! AND DON'T FORGET—I WANT TO BE PAID OFF TONIGHT!
AS FOR LOIS...
I'M A REPORTER. MISS WILDER, AND I'D LIKE TO WRITE A STORY ABOUT ALL THIS!
I DON'T BLAME YOU! ISN'T SUPERMAN WONDERFUL? BUT I'VE ALREADY PROMISED AN EXCLUSIVE STORY TO A MR. KENT—WHO HAS BEEN PRETTY WONDERFUL, TOO!
AND THE NEXT INSTANT, A GLINT OF SUNLIGHT ON STEEL DRAWS THE KEEN EYES OF THE MAN OF TOMORROW!
("—WHAT'S THIS? LOIS AND BETTY WILDER—AND SOMEONE GOING TO TAKE A SHOT AT THEM!)

A SIX-GUN ROARS OUT ITS MESSAGE OF DEATH— BUT SUPERMAN HAS MOVED WITH THE SPEED OF LIGHT!
OH-H-H!.. SUPERMAN— YOU'RE SHOT!
WELL!
BANG!
BANG!
BANG!
UH—IT WAS AN ACCIDENT! I DROPPED MY GUN AND—
A LIKELY STORY!
THE SAME KIND OF ACCIDENT AS THE OTHERS AROUND HERE, EH? I'LL TAKE THE GUN TO MAKE SURE THERE WON'T BE ANOTHER!
SUDDENLY, AT A CURVE IN THE RIVER A MILE AWAY—
THROUGH THE GREAT GAP IN THE RIVER BANK, A RUSHING TORRENT IS DIVERTED INTO A HITHERTO DRY VALLEY!
THAT SETTLES IT! THOSE LOGS WILL NEVER GET TO THE SAWMILL, BECAUSE THE RIVER WON'T BE THERE TO TAKE THEM!
BOOM!
AND SOON...
MISS WILDER, THE RIVER'S RUNNIN' DRY, STRANDIN' THE LOGS. THAT EXPLOSION MUSTA DONE IT!
NO! IT CAN'T BE!.. THEN EVERYTHING'S LOST— UNLESS SUPERMAN COULD CARRY THE LOGS TO THE MILL!
NOT A CHANCE! HE'S LIGHTING OUT BECAUSE HE KNOWS WHEN HE'S LICKED! HO, HO, HO!
WRONG AGAIN, BULL RYLIE!
GREAT SCOTT! HE'S MOVING SO FAST, THE SUCTION IS PULLING THE WATER BACK TO ITS ORIGINAL BED!
(" I COULD CARRY THE LOGS ALL RIGHT— BUT THE RIVER WILL BE NEEDED, ANYWAY, FOR FUTURE OPERATIONS!")

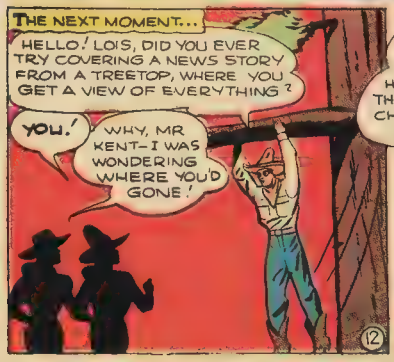
WHAAM!
("—HE'S FILLING IN THE BREAK! RYLIE IS LICKED—AND I'D BETTER GET OUT OF HERE WHILE THE GETTING IS GOOD.—")
I SUPPOSE THAT WAS ACCIDENTAL, TOO! LET'S SEE IF WE CAN'T FIGURE OUT A NEW KIND OF ACCIDENT— TO HAPPEN TO YOU!
DON'T HURT ME, SUPERMAN! I'LL TELL EVERYTHING! I DIDN'T WANT TO TURN AGAINST BETTY, BUT BULL RYLIE OFFERED ME MORE MONEY THAN I COULD RESIST!
ONCE MORE THE RIVER FOLLOWS THE CHANNEL CARVED FOR IT BY NATURE.
THE RIVER! IT'S COMIN' BACK!
I NOTICED HE SEEMED QUITE CONCERNED ABOUT YOUR WELFARE—JUST AS CLARK DID!
I'M NOT LICKED YET! I NEVER YET STARTED OUT TO DO A THING THAT DIDN'T GET DONE! ORDER YOUR MEN TO DYNAMITE THOSE LOGS, OR—
HE'S GOT ANOTHER GUN!
I KNEW SUPERMAN WOULDN'T RUN OUT ON ME!
OR WHAT, RYLIE?
OOOFFF!
SUPERMAN! THANK GOODNESS!
STAN CAXTON! MY FOREMAN! WH-WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM?
NOTHING HALF AS BAD AS WHAT HE DESERVES!
HE FAILED ME—THE STUPID FOOL!

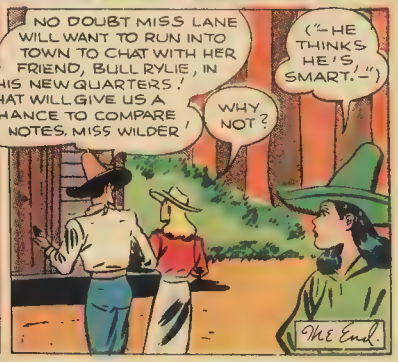

YOUR FOREMAN WAS BRIBED BY RYLIE! HE FILED SAWS SO THEY'D BREAK, LOOSENED AX HEADS, TAMPERED WITH MACHINERY AND FIXED THAT TREE SO IT WOULD FALL! HE DYNAMITED THE RIVER BANK TO CHANGE ITS COURSE!
AND I THOUGHT HE WAS THE MOST LOYAL MAN IN CAMP!

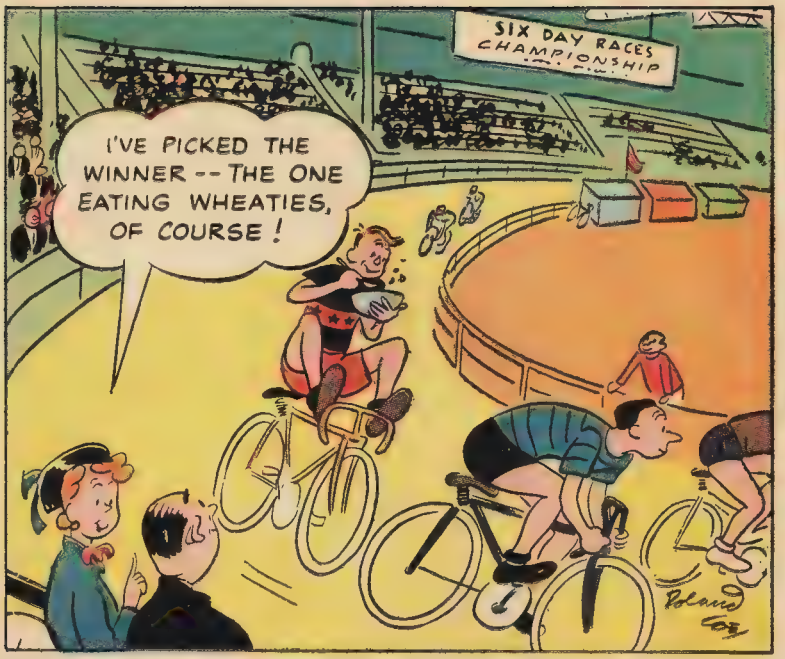

HIS CONFESSION WILL CONVICT RYLIE, WHO WON'T BE IN ANY POSITION TO BOTHER YOU FOR SOME YEARS, MISS WILDER!
ISN'T HE NOBLE? HE'S DONE EVERYTHING—AND INSISTS THAT MY MEN GET PAID FOR IT!
HE'S LIKE THAT!


YOU CAN CAST OFF ANY TIME! REMEMBER—THE LOGS GO TO THE SAWMILL, AND THOSE TWO TIMBER WOLVES TO THE NEAREST JAIL!
WHY NOT TAKE TH'CRITTERS TO THE SAWMILL, TOO? THINK O' TH' TROUBLE IT'D SAVE!

EVERYTHING'S PERFECT! THE MEN AREN'T AFRAID OF THE JINX ANY MORE! I'LL BE ABLE TO PAY OFF ALL DAD'S DEBTS, AND MAKE A NEW START!
LOOKS AS IF I'M GETTING A BREAK, TOO! AS LONG AS CLARK KENT ISN'T AROUND TO COVER THIS STORY, I HAVE A PERFECT RIGHT TO HELP MYSELF TO IT!


THE NEXT MOMENT...
HELLO! LOIS, DID YOU EVER TRY COVERING A NEWS STORY FROM A TREETOP, WHERE YOU GET A VIEW OF EVERYTHING?
YOU!
WHY, MR KENT—I WAS WONDERING WHERE YOU'D GONE!
12

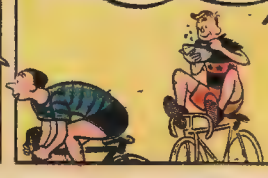

NO DOUBT MISS LANE WILL WANT TO RUN INTO TOWN TO CHAT WITH HER FRIEND, BULL RYLIE, IN HIS NEW QUARTERS! THAT WILL GIVE US A CHANCE TO COMPARE NOTES, MISS WILDER!
WHY NOT?
("—HE THINKS HE'S SMART,—")
THE End.



YOU'RE PICKING A **REAL WINNER** WHEN YOU PICK WHEATIES.

YOU'RE CHOOSING **THE SAME FAMOUS BREAKFAST** DISH THAT'S A FAVORITE WITH SO MANY CHAMPION-MAKING COACHES AND CHAMPION-WINNING ATHLETES. A DISH THAT'S CHUCK-FULL OF SOLID, SATISFYING NOURISHMENT. JAM-PACKED WITH "SECOND HELPING" FLAVOR.

YES, A BIG BOWL OF CRISP-TOASTED, SWELL-TASTING WHEATIES IS **GOOD FOR SECOND HELPINGS.** SO MAKE IT YOUR JOB TO SEE THAT THERE'S PLENTY OF WHEATIES AT YOUR HOUSE ... **ALWAYS!**



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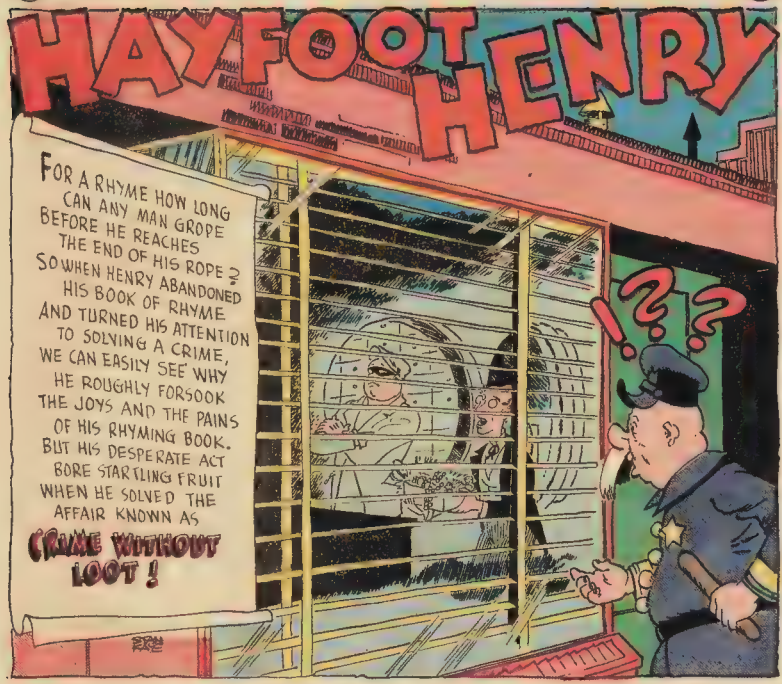
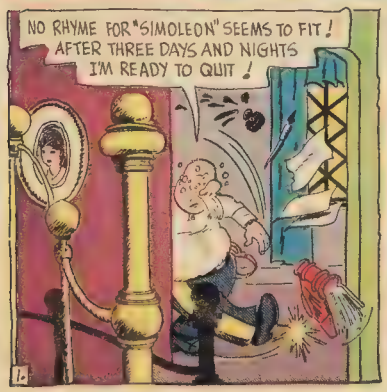
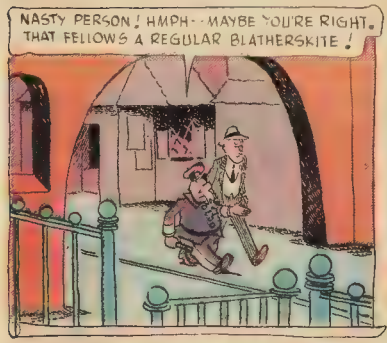
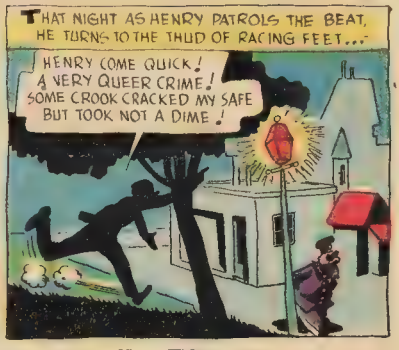

HAYFOOT HENRY
FOR A RHYME HOW LONG CAN ANY MAN GROPE BEFORE HE REACHES THE END OF HIS ROPE? SO WHEN HENRY ABANDONED HIS BOOK OF RHYME AND TURNED HIS ATTENTION TO SOLVING A CRIME, WE CAN EASILY SEE WHY HE ROUGHLY FORSOOK THE JOYS AND THE PAINS OF HIS RHYMING BOOK. BUT HIS DESPERATE ACT BORE STARTLING FRUIT WHEN HE SOLVED THE AFFAIR KNOWN AS
CRIME WITHOUT LOOT!
!??!


NO RHYME FOR "SIMOLEON" SEEMS TO FIT! AFTER THREE DAYS AND NIGHTS I'M READY TO QUIT!

"SIMOLEON," MEANING DOLLAR, IS MUCH TOO HARD. I'M THROUGH WITH BEING A RHYMING BARD! HOORAH, HOORAY, AT LAST I'M FREE! NO MORE TOUGH RHYMES TO PESTER ME!

WHY SO JOYFUL, HENRY, OLD THING? THERE'S A GLINT IN YOUR EYE! YOUR STEP HAS A SPRING!
I'VE GIVEN UP RHYME AND I'M FEELING GLAD. BUT WHAT ABOUT YOU? YOU SEEM QUITE SAD.
SAD, I'M NOT, BUT I'M HOPPING MAD. SEE THAT SHARPIE? HE'S THE WORLD'S WORST CAD! TEN YEARS AGO, WITH MY BEST GIRL HE FLED. NOW HE'S BACK IN TOWN. I WISH HE WERE DEAD!
JEWELRY
LET BYGONES BE BYGONES, FORGET THE PAST! WHY BE SORE BECAUSE YOU WERE OUTCLASSED?
I WASN'T OUTCLASSED, I WAS SIMPLY OUTGASSED!
TRACTION
BUT IF YOU WERE ROBBED, WHAT WOULD YOU DO? NOW THIS BURGLAR INSURANCE I'M OFFERING YOU IS SURER PROTECTION THAN HENRY, THE COP. IT'S NOT EVERY CROOK THAT HENRY CAN STOP!
WHERE DO YOU COME FROM? THE BOOBY-HATCH? THE CROOK ISN'T LIVING THAT I CAN'T CATCH!
WHAT'S CATCHING A CROOK? MY FIRM DOES MUCH MORE! EVERY SIMOLEON LOST, THEY'LL GLADLY RESTORE!
SIMOLEON? PLEASE--DON'T MENTION THAT WORD, IT REMINDS ME OF SOMETHING I WISH TO FORGET.
CAN'T WE GET RID OF THIS TALKATIVE BIRD BY GOING INSIDE? HE GETS ME UPSET!
21


NASTY PERSON! HMPH--MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT. THAT FELLOW'S A REGULAR BLATHERSKITE!


THAT NIGHT AS HENRY PATROLS THE BEAT, HE TURNS TO THE THUD OF RACING FEET...
HENRY COME QUICK! A VERY QUEER CRIME! SOME CROOK CRACKED MY SAFE BUT TOOK NOT A DIME!

I ASSURE YOU--THERE WAS PLENTY OF DOUGH, BUT NOT A SIMOLEON'S GONE, AS FAR AS I KNOW.
THAT WORD AGAIN! IT PRAYS ON MY MIND! IT MAKES ME FEEL GUILTY! DON'T BE SO UNKIND!

WITH NOTHING STOLEN, I HAVE NO CLAIM!
HENRY--COME QUICK! A TERRIBLE SHAME! WITH JEWELS MY SAFE WAS LITERALLY SWOLLEN, YET IT'S JUST BEEN ROBBED AND NOTHING'S BEEN STOLEN!

WHAT GOES ON HERE? CRIME WITHOUT LOOT? IF THIS IS A JOKE, I DON'T FIND IT CUTE!
I JUST BOUGHT INSURANCE. I'D DROP IT IF I COULD. UNLESS SOMETHING'S STOLEN IT'S NO DARN GOOD!
3

HURRY! MY FUR STORE'S JUST BEEN ENTERED! BUT NOTHING WAS TAKEN SO WHY WAS IT VENTURED?
FROM YOUR PLACE TOO, NOT A SIMOLEON GONE?
WILL YOU STOP RECALLING MY POOR LEXICON?

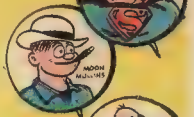
HM---WHY SHOULD THE VALUABLES ALL BE LEFT? DID YOU TOO INSURE YOUR SHOP AGAINST THEFT?
I BOUGHT A POLICY, YES-- BUT WHAT WAS THE SENSE? UNLESS SOMETHING'S STOLEN, THERE'S NO RECOMPENSE!
CRIME WITHOUT LOOT! EUREKA--I SWEAR HE'S TRYING TO WORK UP A BURGLARY SCARE TO SELL THOSE FOLKS INSURANCE WHO TURNED HIM DOWN. THAT INSURANCE SALESMAN IS THE VIPER IN TOWN!
WHAT'S THE IDEA OF THIS? LET ME BE! WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE TAKING ME?
YOU JUST GAVE ME AN IDEA-- SO PLEASE COME ALONG. WE'LL SEE IF THAT SALESMAN HAS DONE ANY WRONG!
AHA, YOU RAT---YOU SHALL NOW REAP THE FRUIT OF TRYING TO SCARE FOLKS WITH CRIMES WITHOUT LOOT!
CRIMES WITHOUT LOOT OH, DEAR, I'M UNDONE. NOW I CAN'T SELL INSURANCE TO ANYONE!
WITH NOTHING TAKEN, THERE'S NO MONEY PAID. FOR SUCH AN ODD CRIME, WE'VE NO PROVISION MADE. SO WHO'LL BUY INSURANCE. I GUESS I'LL LEAVE TOWN. FOLKS'LL LAUGH AT MY SALESTALK AND THINK ME A CLOWN!
AS A SLEUTH, IT SEEMS YOU'RE JUST A DUFFER, FOR INSTEAD OF BENEFITTING, I ACTUALLY SUFFER!
YOU HEAR WHAT HE SAYS? YOUR THEORY IS SILLY. HE COULD NO MORE BE THE VILLAIN THAN MY AUNT TILLY!
4

BUT SINCE THEORIES ARE IN VOGUE, WOULD YOU LIKE TO HEAR MINE?
ER--COULDN'T YOU MAKE IT SOME OTHER TIME?
A CERTAIN PERSON ON YOUR PRESENCE HERE DID FROWN SO I THINK HE PLANNED THIS TO MAKE YOU LEAVE TOWN, EITHER THAT, OR HE HOPED YOU'D GET THE BLAME AND WIND UP IN JAIL IN DISGRACE AND SHAME!
SO THAT'S WHY YOU'VE BROUGHT ME HERE! YOU'VE CAUGHT WISE! WELL---I HATE PRISON WALLS AND I LOVE BLUE SKIES!
SMAK
I'M NO SOFTIE, THOUGH SMALL AND INTELLECTUAL! MY SKULL'S TO TOUGH FOR THAT CHAIR TO BE EFFECTUAL!
SMALL AND INTELLECTUAL! BAH! HE THINKS HE'S NAPOLEON!
MY GOODNESS--WHY, THAT RHYMES WITH SIMOLEON.
NAPOLEON, SIMOLEON--THERE, NOW I'M SATISFIED! MY RHYMING LEXICON IS SAVED AND SO TOO IS MY PRIDE!
THE END

NEW PRIZES! METAL PIN-ON

COMIC BUTTONS

ONE IN EVERY PACKAGE OF KELLOGG'S PEP



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Superman	Smokey Stover
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Moon Mullins	Orphan Annie
Uncle Walt	Winnie Winkle
Dick Tracy	Harold Teen
Smitty	Perry Winkle
Smilin' Jack	Nina
Skeezix	Shadow
Sandy	Kayo

ONE IN EVERY PACKAGE OF PEP!

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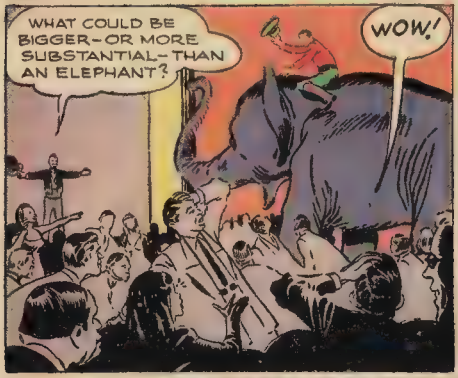
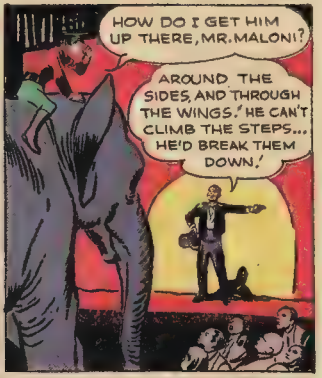
Tune in every day, Monday through Friday, and follow the exciting adventures of SUPERMAN. Learn all about PEP and the comic-button prizes. See your local paper for time and station.

VIGILANTE

HERE'S A TALE OF MAGIC FOR YOU. AT TIMES IT MOVES SO FAST THAT YOU WON'T EVEN BE ABLE TO SEE WHAT HAPPENS. THERE'S SMOKE AND FIRE AND TRICKY CARDS AND VANISHING ELEPHANTS AND A WHOLE LOT MORE. IT'S A REGULAR CIRCUS! BUT THE DANGERS THE VIGILANTE AND STUFF RUN ARE FAR FROM PEANUTS AND PINK LEMONADE WHEN THEY TRY TO BLOCK... *"THE ESCAPES OF ELEPHANT AL!"*

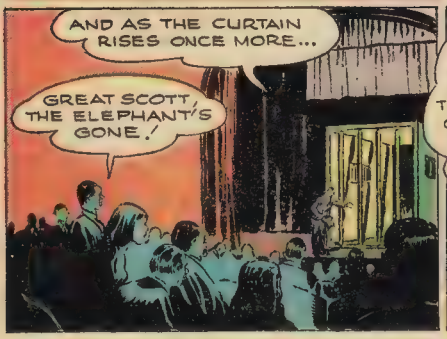
STUFF, THE CHINATOWN KID, SEEMS TO HAVE A PRETTY NIFTY TOUCH FOR AN AMATEUR...
NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, WATCH CAREFULLY! MY HANDS ARE EMPTY, THERE'S NOTHING UP MY SLEEVES...
PRESTO!
NICE WORK, PARDNER!
BUT UNEXPECTEDLY...
HEY!
DOGGONE, HOW DID THAT HAPPEN?
THE SPRING MUST HAVE STUCK! I JUST PRESSED IT ONCE, BUT IT KEEPS ON SHOOTING CARDS!
HA, HA, HA!
GOSH, GREG, THE LAUGH'S CERTAINLY ON ME.
DON'T LET IT UPSET YOU, STUFF... EVEN THE OLD-TIMERS MAKE MISTAKES!
AND SPEAKING OF OLD-TIMERS, I'VE GOT A COUPLE OF TICKETS TO MALONI'S MAGIC SHOW TONIGHT.
SWELL, P.T.! MALONI IS TOPS IN THE PROFESSION ... I COULD LEARN A LOT FROM HIM!
AND SO, THAT NIGHT...
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, WE ARE GOING TO DO BIG THINGS TONIGHT ... YES, VERY BIG THINGS!

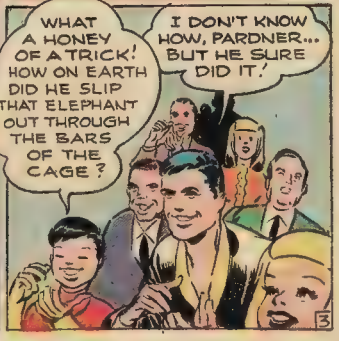

WHAT COULD BE BIGGER—OR MORE SUBSTANTIAL—THAN AN ELEPHANT?
WOW!


HOW DO I GET HIM UP THERE, MR. MALONI?
AROUND THE SIDES, AND THROUGH THE WINGS.' HE CAN'T CLIMB THE STEPS... HE'D BREAK THEM DOWN.'

PRESENTLY...
OUR LITTLE PET IS NOW LOCKED INSIDE—

THE CURTAIN FALLS FOR BUT A SECOND OR TWO! I SAY THE MAGIC WORDS "ABACADABRA, VANISH..."


AND AS THE CURTAIN RISES ONCE MORE...
GREAT SCOTT, THE ELEPHANT'S GONE!'


WHAT A HONEY OF A TRICK! HOW ON EARTH DID HE SLIP THAT ELEPHANT OUT THROUGH THE BARS OF THE CAGE?
I DON'T KNOW HOW, PARDNER... BUT HE SURE DID IT.'
3

BUT UP IN THE GALLERY, THERE IS ONE MAN WHO DOES NOT APPLAUD MALONI'S TRICKS...
BAH, A SIMPLE TRICK THAT I CAN SEE THROUGH IN A MOMENT. I COULD GO RIGHT UPON THE STAGE AND DO IT MYSELF.
MALONI AND HIS ELEPHANT! HMPH... I'M TWICE AS CLEVER AS MALONI, BUT I'M GETTING NOWHERE.
THAT ELEPHANT TRICK GIVES ME AN IDEA...
THE FOLLOWING NIGHT...
GREG, I STILL CAN'T FIGURE HOW MALONI DID THAT ELEPHANT TRICK. IF I COULD ONLY SEE IT AGAIN!
SUDDENLY...
A POLICE WHISTLE! HERE'S WHERE I MAKE A QUICK CHANGE, PARDNER!
WHEEEEEEEE..
SECONDS LATER...
THE VIGILANTE! I DIDN'T FIGURE ON HIM!

THAT'S SURE TOO BAD, RATTLER!
YIIII...!
WHY, YOU LOW-DOWN COYOTE...
EASY, VIG, I'LL HANDLE THIS VARMINT...
YEEEOOWWW..!
WE'D BETTER LEAVE, BOYS!
..AND FAST!
YOU'RE TIED DOWN TO THIS PLACE, SIDEWINDER!
A SLIGHT ERROR, VIGILANTE...ROPES MEAN NOTHING TO ELEPHANT AL!
NOT SO LONG AS I CAN BREATHE FIRE!
KIYOODLIN' COYOTES!

WHERE THERE'S FIRE THERE'S SMOKE... SO NOW A SMOKE SCREEN.!
GALLOPIN' GOPHERS... WHAT NEXT?

NO USE, VIG...WE CAN'T FOLLOW THEM NOW.!
RECKON NOT, STUFF! ELEPHANT AL HAD A TRICK TOO MANY UP HIS SLEEVE!

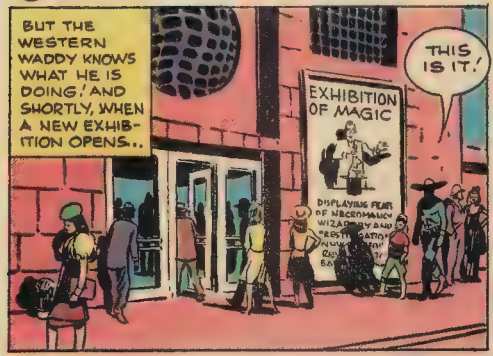
TALKING OF TRICKS, VIGILANTE ... YOU HAVEN'T SEEN A THING YET.!

WHEN I FIRST CAUGHT SIGHT OF ELEPHANT AL, HE WAS OPENING THE SAFE IN THERE—
HOW'D HE GET IN?

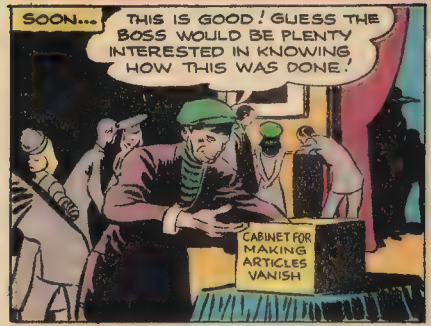
HE GOT IN THE WAY HE GOT OUT... JUST LET ME SHOW YOU!

THROUGH THIS SIDE DOOR.!
HUH..? BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE! EVEN A MAN OF ORDINARY SIZE IS TOO BULKY TO GET THROUGH THAT!

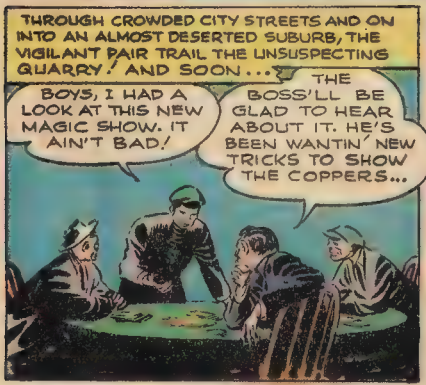
IMPOSSIBLE OR NOT, HE DID IT... AND I'D CERTAINLY LIKE TO KNOW HOW!
HMM, THIS REMINDS ME OF SOMETHING...
YES, THAT ELEPHANT ESCAPE! ELEPHANT AL KNOWS PLENTY OF MAGIC... IN HIS WAY, HE'S AS GOOD AS MALONI!
SAY, I'VE GOT AN IDEA—MALONI OUGHT TO KNOW OTHER MAGICIANS. MAYBE HE CAN SET US ON AL'S TRAIL! COME ON, STUFF!
SHORTLY...
SORRY, GENTLEMEN... I KNOW OF NO PROFESSIONAL MAGICIAN ANSWERING TO ELEPHANT AL'S DESCRIPTION
IF YOU WOULD ONLY TELL US HOW THAT ELEPHANT TRICK WAS DONE, WE MIGHT GET A CLUE TO HIM!
A PROFESSIONAL MAGICIAN NEVER REVEALS HIS SECRETS!
HE'S RIGHT, STUFF! WE'LL HAVE TO GET ON AL'S TRAIL SOME OTHER WAY!
IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOW...
HE'S GOING STRONG, VIG!
YES, AND WE HAVEN'T ANY IDEA WHERE TO FIND HIM!
DAILY CHRONICLE
VANISHING FAT MAN WALKS THROUGH BRICK WALL TO ELUDE POLICE: PONDEROUS PLUNDERER TRICKS PURSUERS AGAIN!
ELEPHANT AL OUTFOXES POLICE WITH MAGIC WHILE IN FOG
OUR ONLY CHANCE IS TO MAKE HIM LEAD US TO HIS HIDEOUT!
HUH? ARE YOU LOCO, VIG?


BUT THE WESTERN WADDY KNOWS WHAT HE IS DOING! AND SHORTLY, WHEN A NEW EXHIBITION OPENS..
THIS IS IT!
EXHIBITION OF MAGIC

NO MAN INTERESTED IN MAGIC WILL BE ABLE TO RESIST THIS! SOONER OR LATER, ELEPHANT AL IS SURE TO SHOW UP!
I HOPE SO, VIG!


SOON...
THIS IS GOOD! GUESS THE BOSS WOULD BE PLENTY INTERESTED IN KNOWING HOW THIS WAS DONE!
CABINET FOR MAKING ARTICLES VANISH

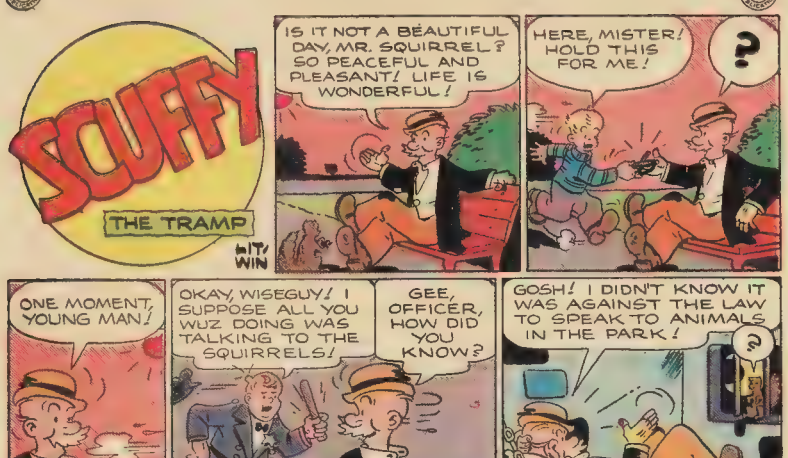
ELEPHANT AL DIDN'T SHOW UP, BUT ONE OF HIS THUGS HAS. WE'RE GOING TO FOLLOW HIM!


THROUGH CROWDED CITY STREETS AND ON INTO AN ALMOST DESERTED SUBURB, THE VIGILANT PAIR TRAIL THE UNSUSPECTING QUARRY! AND SOON...
BOYS, I HAD A LOOK AT THIS NEW MAGIC SHOW. IT AIN'T BAD!
THE BOSS'LL BE GLAD TO HEAR ABOUT IT. HE'S BEEN WANTIN' NEW TRICKS TO SHOW THE COPPERS...

HOW ABOUT US, RATS? WE LIKE TO BE ENTERTAINED, TOO!
RECKON WE'LL HAVE TO FURNISH OUR OWN ENTERTAINMENT, STUFF!

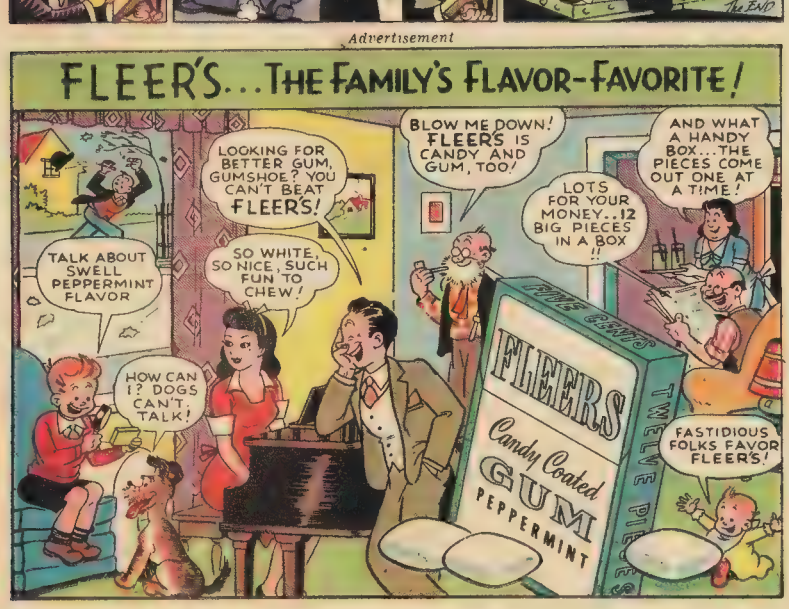
LIKE THIS!
OWWW..!
BUT HARDLY IS THE FUN WELL UNDER WAY, WHEN...
THE BOSS'S MAGIC COMES IN HANDY EVEN THOUGH HE AIN'T AROUND!
NEVER MIND THE PIGEONS, VIGILANTE... I'M GIVING YOU THE BIRD!
AAAJ...
AND AFTER A GALLANT BUT VAIN STRUGGLE BY STUFF...
WON'T THE BOSS BE SURPRISED WHEN HE SEES WHAT WE CAUGHT!
I WONDER HOW HE'LL GET RID OF THE VIGILANTE! BET HE THINKS OF A GOOD WAY!
PSSSTT... STUFF, ONE OF THOSE THUGS HAS A KNIFE WE COULD USE... HERE'S A CHANCE FOR YOU TO PLAY ONE OF YOUR CARD TRICKS AND SAVE THE DAY. LISTEN...
A MINUTE LATER...
HEY, LOOK WHAT FELL OUT OF BLINKY'S SLEEVE!
THE RAT'S CHEATIN'!

AND AS THE GAME BREAKS UP IN A FREE-FOR-ALL...
HERE COMES ONE, STUFF, GRAB IT AND SET TO WORK!
THEN, AL THE LARRUPING LARIATEER AND HIS PAL SWIFTLY CUT THEIR BONDS...
YOU FOOLS! FIGHTING AMONG YOURSELVES, WHILE THE VIGILANTE STANDS BY AND LAUGHS!
PARTLY WRONG THERE, VARMINT! I AIN'T STANDIN' BY..
BAM
SOCK
I'M TAKIN' A HAND IN THIS GAME!
YIIII..!
UNEXPECTEDLY...
BOOM!
WELL, I'LL BE HORN-SWOGGLED! LOOK AT ELEPHANT AL!
HE ISN'T BIG AT ALL - HE WAS JUST WEARIN ROOMY CLOTHES, BLOWN UP BY A LOT OF AIR! AND ALL HE HAD TO DO TO PASS THROUGH A NARROW SPACE WAS LET OUT THE AIR!
AND AFTER THE POLICE HAVE CARTED OFF THE DAZED SHARPER AND HIS PALS...
THAT MUST BE HOW MALONI DID HIS TRICK WITH THE ELEPHANT! HE LET US SEE A REAL ELEPHANT WALKING DOWN THE AISLES! BUT REMEMBER HOW THE ELEPHANT HAD TO PASS THROUGH THE WINGS?
THAT'S RIGHT, STUFF, HE MUST HAVE SUBSTITUTED A FAKE ELEPHANT, BLOWN UP LIKE A BALLOON! TO GET THE ELEPHANT OUT, ALL HE HAD TO DO WAS LET THE AIR OUT WHEN THE CURTAIN CAME DOWN, AND PULL IT THROUGH THE BARS!
THE END


SCUFFY
THE TRAMP
bIT/
WIN
IS IT NOT A BEAUTIFUL DAY, MR. SQUIRREL? SO PEACEFUL AND PLEASANT! LIFE IS WONDERFUL!
HERE, MISTER! HOLD THIS FOR ME!
?
ONE MOMENT, YOUNG MAN!
OKAY, WISEGUY! I SUPPOSE ALL YOU WUZ DOING WAS TALKING TO THE SQUIRRELS!
GEE, OFFICER, HOW DID YOU KNOW?
GOSH! I DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS AGAINST THE LAW TO SPEAK TO ANIMALS IN THE PARK!
The END

Advertisement

FLEER'S...THE FAMILY'S FLAVOR-FAVORITE!


TALK ABOUT SWELL PEPPERMINT FLAVOR
LOOKING FOR BETTER GUM, GUMSHOE? YOU CAN'T BEAT FLEER'S!
SO WHITE, SO NICE, SUCH FUN TO CHEW!
BLOW ME DOWN! FLEER'S IS CANDY AND GUM, TOO!
LOTS FOR YOUR MONEY..12 BIG PIECES IN A BOX!!
AND WHAT A HANDY BOX...THE PIECES COME OUT ONE AT A TIME!
HOW CAN I? DOGS CAN'T TALK!
FLEERS
Candy Coated
GUM
PEPPERMINT
TWELVE PIECES
FASTIDIOUS FOLKS FAVOR FLEER'S!

CRIMINAL'S RETURN

by Ted Loury

PATROLMAN Dennis O'Toole was telling his wife about the balling out he had received from Inspector Flannery.

"So Flannery says to me, he says, it is no wonder, O'Toole, you are still in uniform. You permit a hoodlum like Joe Kopac to perform a robbery on your beat. And six months now he's been at large, with every cop in the city looking for him."

Bridget's eyes were sympathetic. "Now, now, Dennis, there's no use getting upset. Sure, and there isn't a more courageous and honest patrolman on the force." She added, wistfully, "Of course, you might have been a detective or at least a sergeant by now."

Dennis' face clouded. His wife, seeing this, hastened to add, "But I know you're a fine policeman, Dennis, and that's all I care about."

"I told the Inspector," Dennis said, "that Joe Kopac, being a bad penny, would turn up on my beat sooner or later." He waggled a finger at Bridget. "And mark my words, he will." He sat back, tilting his chair against the window to try to catch a vagrant breeze. "This heat is certainly something awful." A sigh. "I sure would like to catch Joe Kapac, Bridget. There's a big enough reward on him for us to get a summer place."

Bridget smiled, longingly. She knew what Dennis was thinking about. Just the year before, Inspector Flannery had gotten himself a summer place. O'Toole had, of course, heard about it. Flannery had once walked a beat with Dennis, before going up in the department. "Ah yes," Bridget told herself. "He's gone far, Pat Flannery has, but he's not got the big heart of my Dennis."

So now she said aloud, "You'll catch him, Dennis. I know you will."

Dennis chuckled. "I can wait."

He had no idea how time was closing the gap between him and Joe Kopac. There was absolutely no indication of it when he reported at four o'clock to assume the tour of duty which would keep him busy until midnight.

Night brought no lessening of the intense heat which had seared the sidewalks during the day. His shirt a wet blob, O'Toole stepped out of the small candy store, into which he had gone for a glass of root beer at nine-thirty. It was almost time for him to take his nightly stroll over to the defense plant. O'Toole always made it a point to be on hand when the shifts changed.

The shifts were changing in a seemingly endless line, moving in and out of the gates of the huge aircraft factory, when O'Toole took up his accustomed station. Faces paraded before him, blobs of white in the bright, harsh flood lights atop the gates, as their owners moved toward the huge parking lot and the hundreds of cars thereon.

For many weeks now this had been going on. O'Toole himself couldn't have said how it happened. How, on this night of all nights, one face seemed to detach itself from the many—familiar face, yet an unfamiliar one.

O'Toole stared. Then his eyes caught the slight, almost imperceptible limp. Joe Kopac had been shot in the leg once.

"It's Kopac!" The thought flashed through O'Toole's mind. And the second thought came with a clarity Inspector Flannery would have called miraculous. "No wonder we haven't been able to find Kopac," O'Toole marvelled. "He's been right under our noses all this time."

Yes, Joe Kopac had found work in a defense plant! But now, at this instant, some inner warning sounded within Joe Kopac. It was almost as though he felt O'Toole's eyes burning into his back.

Joe Kopac knew how to flee. He had been doing it all his life. Now here they were again, the hunter and the hunted. Seemingly effortlessly, Joe Kopac was swallowed up in the crowd. And O'Toole was trying to single him out again, furiously throwing himself through the relieved shift of defense workers.

The streets in the area were still under half a blackout. That helped Kopac, and hindered O'Toole. He thought he saw his quarry up a street. He hastened there. No one in sight. But where had Kopac gone? Surely not to his dwelling place.

O'Toole had been too long a cop not to know how Kopac would think. Rivulets of perspiration poured down his beefy face as he tried to reason out Kopac's movements. He'd hide in this area, perhaps try to change his clothes. Yes, he would change t h e m, because he'd figure O'Toole would send out a description.

O'Toole stepped into a doorway, pondering his next move. Should he patrol the neighborhood? Or should he call in what information he had already obtained?

He decided to call in. There was a police call box two streets away. He'd have to risk it. But there was to be no risk that night. Not for nothing had he been called "Lucky Dennis". He was almost to the box when he saw the dark-clothed figure come out of a window at the side of an undertaking parlor.

O'Toole was very fat. Kopac was lean and wiry. Nothing daunted, O'Toole took after him. Kopac sped like a frightened rabbit and it was easy to see that the tortoise would not win this race. O'Toole didn't dare fire. People were still abroad. But not one of them made a move to halt the fugitive. You don't try to stop a murderer with a gun in his hand.

O'Toole's legs caved under him. He sank to the sidewalk, groaning. He could already see Flannery's irate face before him, hear that acidulous voice raised in vituperation.

Panting he sat there, ridiculous and forlorn, trying to catch his breath. Maybe Flannery was right. He was a slow-witted cop. A man rushed up. There was blood on his forehead.

"Where'd he go? He slugged me, took that suit. It'll kill him."

The man was terribly excited. He was the night manager of the undertaking parlor. "That suit's loaded with formaldehyde, full of poison," he said.

O'Toole blinked, got to his feet. People were crowding around him. His big hand bit into the victim's shoulders. "What do you mean?"

"In this heat, his pores will be wide open. That poison will seep into them. He'll die."

O'Toole's e y e s narrowed. New hope brought his second wind. "Come on," he said. He pushed the people out of the way and started running.

Five blocks away, in the back yard of a tenement house, whose fence Kopac had tried to find, they found him. He was dead, his face contorted in pain. The gun was still clutched in his hand.

O'Toole was a puddle of perspiration. But he was happy. And when Inspector Flannery arrived on the scene to view the body and said, quite acidly, "So your dumb luck held out, O'Toole. You found him. But where's the money he stole?" O'Toole didn't mind.

O'Toole said, "That will be recovered within the hour, Inspector." Blandly, he added: "Just leave it to me."

It was like a vision unfolding before him, just what he'd do. He'd go back to the undertaking parlor, pick the employee's button from Joe Kopac's work clothes. Then he'd get Kopac's address. "And," he muttered to himself, "I'll bet he cached the dough in the mattress."

He was right.

Incidentally, he invited Flannery to the new summer cottage he bought with the reward money.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 14, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933 of ACTION COMICS, published monthly at New York, N Y for October 1, 1945.

State of New York }
County of New York } ss

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared J S Liebowitz, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the ACTION COMICS and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc. of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933 embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Detective Comics, Inc., 480 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y.; Editor, F. W. Ellsworth, 480 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y.; Managing Editor, None; Business Manager, J. S. Liebowitz, 480 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

2 That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member must be given.) Detective Comics, Inc., 480 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y.; H. Donenfeld, 480 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y.; P. H. Sampliner, 480 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y.; J. S. Liebowitz, 480 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities are None.

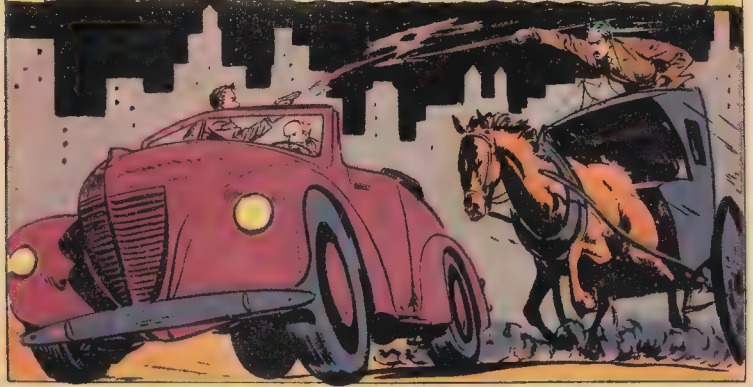
4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner, and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest, direct or indirect, in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him

J. S. LIEBOWITZ, Business Manager

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 25th day of September, 1945.
ALFRED B YAFFE, Notary Public (Commission expires March 30, 1946)

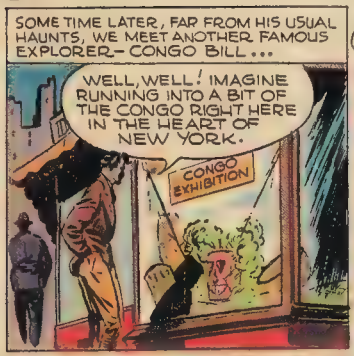
CONGO BILL

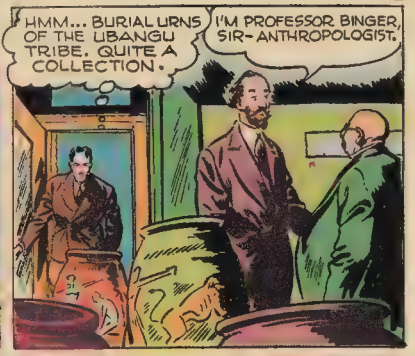
EAST SIDE—WEST SIDE—ALL AROUND THE TOWN. YES, CONGO BILL IS HOME FOR A VACATION. AND HE GETS ONE—BUT NOT THE KIND HE EXPECTS. FOR, DEEP IN THE CANYONED STREETS OF THE BIG TOWN, THE FAMED JUNGLE FIGHTER FINDS A CHUNK OF EQUATORIAL VILLAINY BIG ENOUGH TO CHOKE AN ELEPHANT. BUT EVEN HERE IT'S GOOD OLD JUNGLE CRAFT WHICH SMASHES THE METROPOLITAN MYSTERY OF THE... "DEAD MAN'S DRUM!"



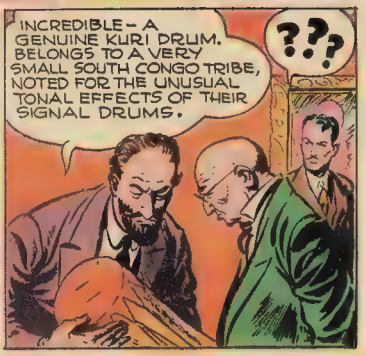
DEEP IN THE JUNGLES OF THE CONGO, SECONDS NUMBER THE EBBING LIFE OF EXPLORER JACK RANDALL...
YOU'RE DONE FOR, RANDALL. NOBODY DRINKS THAT POISON AND LIVES.
TREACHEROUS RAT!

I'M... GOING... TO DIE. BUT YOU'LL NEVER GET WHAT YOU'RE AFTER... IT'S TOO WELL HIDDEN!
WITH YOU DEAD, RANDALL, NOTHING CAN KEEP ME FROM A FORTUNE.


SOME TIME LATER, FAR FROM HIS USUAL HAUNTS, WE MEET ANOTHER FAMOUS EXPLORER– CONGO BILL...
WELL, WELL! IMAGINE RUNNING INTO A BIT OF THE CONGO RIGHT HERE IN THE HEART OF NEW YORK.
CONGO EXHIBITION


HMM... BURIAL URNS OF THE UBANGU TRIBE. QUITE A COLLECTION.
I'M PROFESSOR BINGER, SIR– ANTHROPOLOGIST.

I'M VERY INTERESTED IN YOUR COLLECTION OF SIGNAL DRUMS. ALTHOUGH AN EXPERT IN JUNGLE LORE, I'VE NEVER SEEN ANY LIKE THESE BEFORE.
AN EXPERT, HE SAYS, BUT I CAN'T REMEMBER HAVING HEARD OF HIM...


INCREDIBLE– A GENUINE KURI DRUM. BELONGS TO A VERY SMALL SOUTH CONGO TRIBE, NOTED FOR THE UNUSUAL TONAL EFFECTS OF THEIR SIGNAL DRUMS.
???

HERE, LISTEN TO THIS. NOTE THE PECULIAR SOUND.
DOES HAVE AN ODD TONE.

BUT I NEVER HEARD OF THE KURI TRIBE– AND BESIDES, THAT DRUM COMES FROM THE NORTHERN CONGO.

I'D LIKE TO BUY THIS ONE, MR. DURET.
SORRY, PROFESSOR BINGER. THESE DRUMS ARE NOT FOR SALE – AT LEAST, NOT FOR A WHILE.

BUT I'M WILLING TO PAY FIVE HUNDRED — EVEN A THOUSAND DOLLARS.
I'M SORRY, BUT UNTIL THE ESTATE OF THEIR FORMER OWNER—AN EXPLORER—IS SETTLED, THEY'RE ONLY ON EXHIBIT.
OH, WELL—I GUESS I CAN WAIT. NOW ABOUT THAT SPEAR COLLECTION IN THE REAR ROOM...
HMM... FIRST TIME I EVER SAW A PROFESSOR WITH MORE MONEY THAN BRAINS.
OUCH!
CRASH
WATCH OUT, PROFESSOR!
SOMETHING WRONG IN THERE!
HOW CLUMSY OF ME. SORRY, MR. DURET... HOPE I HAVEN'T DAMAGED ANY OF THESE SPEARS.
NO DANGER OF THAT, PROFESSOR—THE SPEARS ARE A LOT TOUGHER THAN HUMAN FLESH. HERE, LET ME GIVE YOU A HAND.
IT'S LUCKY I DIDN'T GET ONE OF THOSE SPEAR POINTS IN MY HIDE.
YES—SAY... I THOUGHT THERE WAS SOMEONE ELSE IN THE STORE A MINUTE AGO... THAT FELLOW WHO WAS EXAMINING THE BURIAL URN.
HE PROBABLY LEFT IN ALL THAT CONFUSION. AND I'D BETTER BE DOING THE SAME—OR I'LL BE LATE FOR DINNER.
GUESS THERE'S NO REASON TO BE SUSPICIOUS. NOTHING SEEMS TO BE MISSING HERE.
PROFESSOR BINGER SEEMED VERY INTERESTED IN THAT DRUM. YOU SAY IT BELONGS TO SOME EXPLORER'S ESTATE?
WHY, YES, CONGO BILL. PERHAPS YOU KNOW OF HIM—JACK RANDALL, WHO DIED OF A HEART ATTACK ABOUT A MONTH AGO IN THE CONGO.
3

THESE THINGS OF HIS WERE SHIPPED HERE TO HIS HEIRS—A WIFE AND SON.
JACK RANDALL—DEAD? WHY, LAST TIME I SAW HIM, HE WAS IN PERFECT HEALTH.
WE'RE CLOSING NOW, CONGO BILL, BUT DROP IN AGAIN.
SOMETHING ABOUT THIS I DON'T LIKE. JACK NEVER HAD A WEAK HEART. MOREOVER, THERE ARE CERTAIN THINGS ABOUT PROFESSOR BINGER WHICH DON'T RING TRUE.
SUBWAY
A SHORT TIME LATER...
EXPLORERS CLUB
NO BINGER IS LISTED IN THE WHO'S WHO OF ANTHROPOLOGY.
BUT IF HE ISN'T A PROFESSOR, WHY SHOULD HE BE ATTACHED TO THAT DRUM? HMM...
UNLESS I MISS MY GUESS, BINGER IS NOT GOING TO WAIT UNTIL THE RANDALL ESTATE IS SETTLED TO GET HIS DRUM.
CONGO BILL IS RIGHT.
AH, THIS IS IT, FANG—THE LONG-SOUGHT MAP TO RANDALL'S DIAMOND DISCOVERY.
YOU SHOULD HAVE GOT HOLD OF THIS BEFORE YOU POISONED HIM, BOSS, THEN WE WOULDN'T HAVE HAD TO CHASE HALF WAY 'ROUND THE WORLD FOR IT.
SEE, HERE AT THE X WHERE···
YIII! IT'S CONGO BILL AGAIN.
CLEVER OF YOU TO LEAVE YOUR CONFEDERATE HIDE IN ONE OF THE BURIAL URNS, AND OPEN THE PLACE AFTER DURET LOCKED UP, BINGER.

UGGH! ZULU WAR-PAINT.
COME ON, FANG, THAT'LL HOLD HIM FOR A MINUTE.
WE MADE IT, SLADE.
YOU ONLY THINK YOU'VE MADE IT, YOU BRUSH VIPERS.
HOPE THIS DOESN'T TAKE TOO MANY YEARS OFF YOUR LIFE, MISTER, BUT I'VE GOT TO BORROW YOUR OUTFIT.
A MODERN CHARIOTEER, CONGO BILL GALLOPS OVER CITY PAVEMENTS...
COME ON, BETSY, STRETCH THOSE LEGS.'
RUN FOR IT! THE TIRE IS BLOWN.
BANG
THIS WAY— WE'LL LOSE HIM IN THE PARK.
5

CONFOUND IT— A FENCE IN OUR PATH!
YOW! A LION... H-HERE IN NEW YORK!
IF YOU HADN'T BEEN IN SUCH A HURRY, I'D HAVE TOLD YOU THAT YOU WERE HEADED FOR THE ZOO!
QUICK... OVER THE FENCE!
I'M COMIN' BOSS. I'M COMIN'!
STOP— CALL THESE ELEPHANTS OFF. WE GIVE UP.
NICE JUMBO... NICE DUMBO. JUST HOLD THEM FAST UNTIL WE GET A POLICE WAGON HERE.
EVERYTHING'S SETTLED, I GUESS, ONCE I TURN THIS MAP OVER TO MRS. RANDALL. AND THEN BACK TO THE CONGO... MANY MORE VACATIONS LIKE THIS AND I'LL BE GETTING SOFT.

SUPERMEN OF AMERICA

SUPERMAN'S SECRET MESSAGE

(Code Jupiter No. 4)

XLMW WIEWSR SJ CIEV AI GIPIFVEXI XAS JEQSYW FMVXLHECW: AEWLMRKX-SR'W ERH PMRGSPR'W.

SUPERMAN, MAR.
c/o ACTION COMICS,
480 LEXINGTON AVENUE, N. Y. C. 17, N. Y.

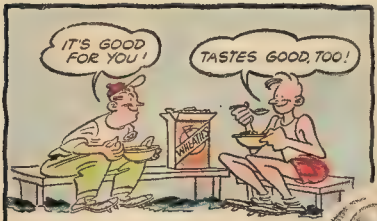
Dear Superman:

Please enroll me as a Member of the SUPERMEN of AMERICA. I enclose 10c to cover cost of mailing. It is understood that I am to receive my Membership Certificate, Emblem and Superman Code.

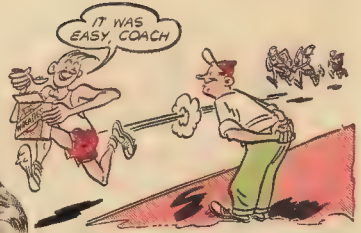
NAME ..... AGE.....

STREET ADDRESS.....

CITY..... ZONE..... STATE.....



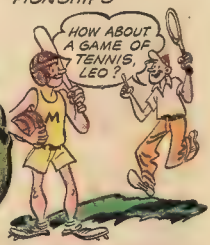
"AN ATHLETE WANTS FOOD THAT'S GOOD FOR HIM, BUT HE WANTS IT TO TASTE GOOD, TOO," SAYS CHAMPION COACH JOHNSON "I THINK THAT'S WHY SO MANY CHAMPION PERFORMERS GO FOR WHEATIES. THOSE WHOLE WHEAT FLAKES HAND YOU **ESSENTIAL NOURISHMENT** RIGHT ALONG WITH **FLAVOR THAT'S TOPS.** THAT'S WHY I LIKE WHEATIES, AND I THINK YOU'LL LIKE 'EM FOR THE SAME REASON."



DURING 8 YEARS OF JOHNSON'S COACHING, ILLINOIS TRACK MEN HAVE WON: 21 BIG TEN INDIVIDUAL CHAMPIONSHIPS, 7 NATIONAL (NCAA) INDIVIDUAL CHAMPIONSHIPS, 4 NATIONAL (AAU) INDIVIDUAL CHAMPIONSHIPS

Leo JOHNSON

HIS UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS TRACK AND FIELD TEAM WON THE NATIONAL COLLEGIATE ATHLETIC ASS'N. CHAMPIONSHIP IN 1944. THE BIG TEN OUTDOOR CHAMPIONSHIP IN 1945



A GREAT ATHLETE AS WELL AS A GREAT COACH, LEO JOHNSON WON VARSITY LETTERS IN FOOTBALL, BASKETBALL, BASEBALL, AND TRACK AT JAMES MILLIKIN UNIVERSITY

"**CHAMPIONS ARE MADE** -- NOT BORN," SAYS LEO JOHNSON. HE SHOWS YOU THE RIGHT WAY TO START MAKING YOURSELF INTO A TRACK STAR IN HIS NEW BOOK, **"WANT TO BE A TRACK AND FIELD CHAMPION?"** (TRACK EVENTS). SEE WHEATIES PACKAGE FOR COMPLETE INFORMATION ON HOW TO GET YOUR COPY, AND LEARN ABOUT 13 OTHER ALL-STAR SPORTS MANUALS.

"Wheaties" and "Breakfast of Champions" are registered trade marks of General Mills, Inc.

POOR DAD!
GEE, SIS, THAT WAS FUN— WE'LL GO SLEIGH-RIDING TOMORROW, TOO
GARSH!
AHH— HOME AT LAST!
HELLO, DEAR!
JOHN! LOOK WHAT YOU'VE DONE TO MY NICE, CLEAN FLOOR!!

Advertisement

HISTORY'S MYSTERIES

NO ONE KNOWS WHERE CAPTAIN KIDD'S TREASURE IS BURIED. THIS FAMOUS PIRATE IS SUPPOSED TO HAVE HIDDEN AWAY OVER 10 MILLION DOLLARS WORTH OF LOOTED GOLD AND JEWELS

BURY THE TREASURE CHESTS HERE... 30 PACES FROM THAT BIG ROCK.

EVERYONE KNOWS THAT SMITH BROTHERS COUGH DROPS ARE A REAL TREASURE... BECAUSE THEY GIVE SUCH QUICK, PLEASANT RELIEF FOR COUGHS DUE TO COLDS.

Y' KNOW... I TAKE 'EM EVEN WHEN I DON'T HAVE A COUGH 'CAUSE THEY TASTE JUST LIKE CANDY.

SMITH BROTHERS COUGH DROPS

BLACK OR MENTHOL - 5¢

TRADE

MARK

ZATARA
THE MASTER MAGICIAN

WHEN A GREAT PERFORMER IMPRESSES AN AMAZED AUDIENCE WITH HIS WIZARDRY IN READING THE MASTER MAGICIAN'S MIND... HE'S HEADING FOR TROUBLE. FOR THE CRIMINAL MIND IS ANXIOUS **NOT** TO BE READ... AND WHEN IT DECIDES TO STAY ILLEGIBLE, ONLY A BRAIN WAVE BY ZATARA CAN AVERT DISASTER AS THE CRIMINAL HAND STRIKES AT...

"THE *Mental* MARVEL!"

TAKE IT EASY, MENTO... **ANYBODY** CAN READ THEIR MINDS NOW!

IN A PACKED BROADCASTING STUDIO, AN INTENSE AUDIENCE WATCHES ZATARA, MASTER MAGICIAN... NOW A MERE SUBJECT FOR THE WIZARDRY OF MENTO THE MIND-READER...

ZATARA, EVEN YOU CAN'T READ MINDS... BUT *I* CAN. AND I'M GOING TO READ YOURS!

I HOPE YOU DON'T FIND A BLANK!

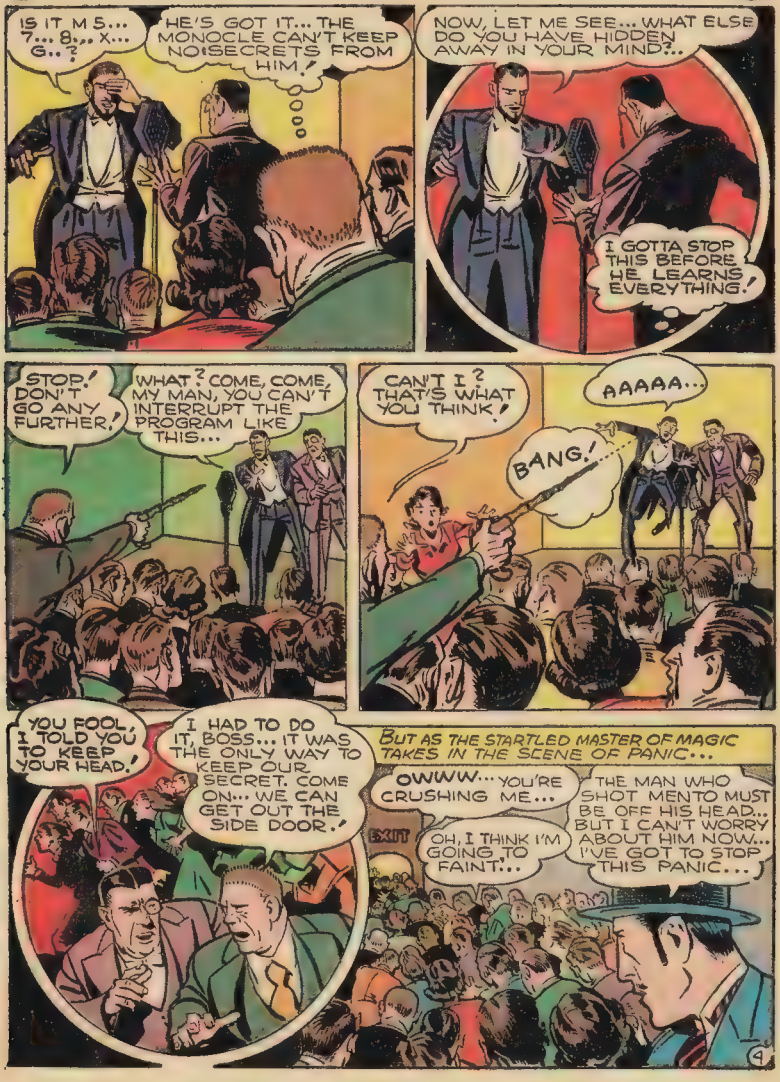
SOME SENSE OF HUMOR ZATARA HAS!

SENSE OF HUMOR OR NOT, MENTO WILL READ HIS MIND LIKE AN OPEN BOOK.

HA HA!

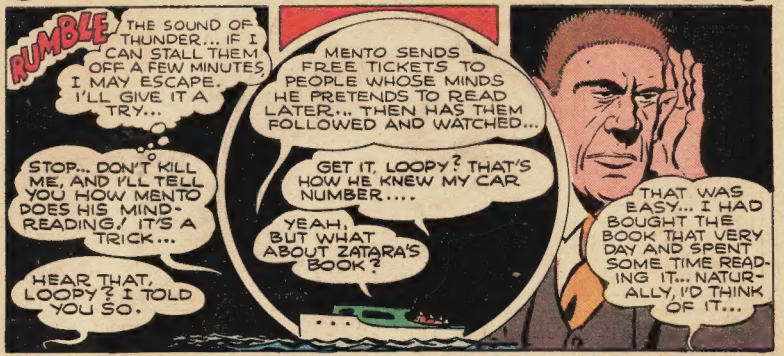
NOW, ZATARA, I THINK YOU HAVE A BILL IN YOUR POCKET. TAKE IT OUT WHERE I CAN'T SEE IT, AND CONCENTRATE ON THE NUMBER. CONCENTRATE...
IT'S A TEN-DOLLAR BILL. THE NUMBER IS... THE NUMBER IS B... 9... 8...
RIGHT SO FAR.
B...9... 8... 6... 8... 6... 9... 0... 4... 0.
ABSOLUTELY RIGHT!
YIPPEEE... HE DID IT!
AMONG THE MOST IMPRESSED MEMBERS OF THE AUDIENCE ARE THESE ODDLY ASSORTED GENTLEMEN...
GEE, MONOCLE, THERE AIN'T NOTHIN' SAFE FROM THAT GUY.
TAKE IT EASY, LOOPY. IT'S ALL A TRICK... I'M SURE OF IT.
WELL, I AIN'T. AND I'M BEGINNIN' TO BE SORRY WE USED THOSE TICKETS THAT CAME TO YOU THROUGH THE MAIL. EVEN IF THEY WERE ADDRESSED TO YOU UNDER YOUR OTHER NAME...
QUIET, FOOL, DON'T MENTION THAT. LISTEN TO THE PROGRAM.
BUT WHAT HAPPENS NEXT IS NOT REASSURING TO THOSE WHO DEEM MENTO'S FEAT A TRICK...
ZATARA, THINK OF SOME BOOK OF MAGIC YOU OWN... ONE THAT YOU'RE ESPECIALLY INTERESTED IN. CONCENTRATE...

IT'S A VERY OLD BOOK... IT'S CALLED... LET ME SEE, SOMETHING ABOUT A WIZARD...
IF HE GUESSES THAT... BUT HE CAN'T. HE CAN'T KNOW WHAT BOOK ZATARA'S THINKING ABOUT.
MY MISTAKE, IT AIN'T ABOUT A WIZARD... IT'S ABOUT A WARLOCK... THAT'S AN OLD WORD FOR WIZARD... THE WARLOCK'S BOOK.
PERFECT, MENTO!
THAT'S ENOUGH... I'M LEAVIN.' I AIN'T STAYIN' AROUND NO MIND-READER.'
SIT DOWN, YOU IDIOT... YOU CAN'T GET OUT BEFORE THE END OF THE PROGRAM.
AND THEN, TO ADD TO LOOPY'S DISMAY...
THANKS VERY MUCH, ZATARA. AND NOW, THERE'S A GENTLEMAN WHO LOOKS AS IF HE HAS AN INTERESTING MIND... COME RIGHT UP HERE, SIR, AND I'LL READ IT.
DON'T YOU DO IT, BOSS... DON'T DO IT.'
DON'T BE ABSURD... IT'S A TRICK, I TELL YOU... AND IT WON'T WORK ON ME.
OOOO... HE'S JUST ASKIN' FOR TROUBLE.
MENTO'LL LEARN EVERYTHING... HE'LL FIND OUT ABOUT OUR RACKET... ABOUT THE MONOCLE'S BEIN' A HIGH-CLASS FENCE...
NOW JUST CONCENTRATE ON YOUR CAR NUMBER...

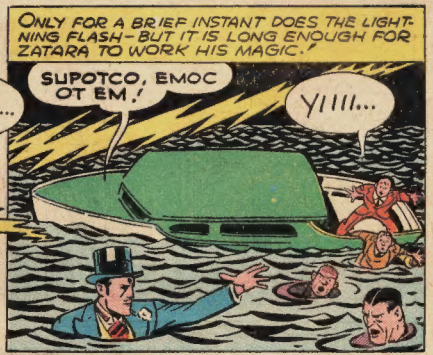

IS IT M 5... 7... 8... X... G..?
HE'S GOT IT... THE MONOCLE CAN'T KEEP NO SECRETS FROM HIM!
NOW, LET ME SEE... WHAT ELSE DO YOU HAVE HIDDEN AWAY IN YOUR MIND?..
I GOTTA STOP THIS BEFORE HE LEARNS EVERYTHING!
STOP! DON'T GO ANY FURTHER!
WHAT? COME, COME, MY MAN, YOU CAN'T INTERRUPT THE PROGRAM LIKE THIS...
CAN'T I? THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK!
AAAAA...
BANG!
YOU FOOL, I TOLD YOU TO KEEP YOUR HEAD!
I HAD TO DO IT, BOSS... IT WAS THE ONLY WAY TO KEEP OUR SECRET. COME ON... WE CAN GET OUT THE SIDE DOOR!
BUT AS THE STARTLED MASTER OF MAGIC TAKES IN THE SCENE OF PANIC...
OWWW... YOU'RE CRUSHING ME...
EXIT
OH, I THINK I'M GOING TO FAINT...
THE MAN WHO SHOT MENTO MUST BE OFF HIS HEAD.. BUT I CAN'T WORRY ABOUT HIM NOW... I'VE GOT TO STOP THIS PANIC...

ELPOEP KNIRHS!*
HEY... I'VE BECOME A MIDGET!
SO HAVE I... NOW WE'VE GOT SO MUCH ROOM, WE WON'T BE CRUSHED!
*READ MAGIC WORDS BACKWARDS.
NOW THAT THEY'RE OUT OF THAT DANGER... MICROPHONE TELL THEM THE MAN WHO DID THE SHOOTING IS GONE! OS EB TI!
WITH PLEASURE, ZATARA. LISTEN, YOU FOLKS, NOBODY'S GOING TO HURT YOU... THAT WOULD-BE KILLER IS GONE. CALM DOWN AND LEAVE QUIETLY.
GOSH, I'M CALM ALREADY... AS MUCH AS I CAN BE WHEN A MICROPHONE TALKS BACK FOR A CHANGE.
AND AS THE CROWD, RETURNED TO NORMAL SIZE, FILES OUT IN ORDERLY FASHION...
NOW FOR MENTO... LUCKY THAT BULLET ONLY WINGED HIM. BUT I'LL HAVE TO CALL AN AMBULANCE... THINK I'LL BROADCAST FOR ONE...
THEN, WITH THAT ATTENDED TO...
NOW TO FIND OUT WHY THAT FELLOW SHOT HIM... I STILL CAN'T SEE ANY REASON FOR IT...
5

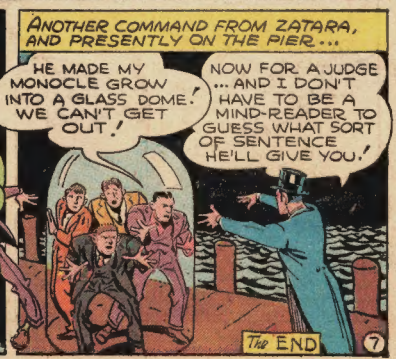
HELLO... THAT OTHER FELLOW MUST HAVE DROPPED THIS MONOCLE, MAYBE THIS'LL GIVE ME A CLUE...
ELCONOM, EB LATSYRC LLAB!
HUH..? I RECOGNIZE SOME OF THOSE BOYS... THEY'RE THUGS, AND THAT FELLOW WITH THE MONOCLE IS IN WITH THEM...
THAT MUST BE WHY MENTO WAS SHOT... BECAUSE THE GUNMAN WAS AFRAID HE'D READ HIS CHIEF'S MIND. WELL, I'LL GIVE HIM SOMETHING TO BE REALLY AFRAID OF...
BUT AT THE PIER...
HMM, THE SKY IS SO BLACK I CAN'T SEE A THING... I'LL HAVE TO WATCH MY STEP...
SUDDENLY, THE DOWNWARD SWOOP OF A TREACHEROUS BLACKJACK...
SMACK
NICE WORK, OWL. YOU'VE GOT BAD EYES, BUT YOU CAN CERTAINLY USE YOUR EARS.
AAAA...
NOW TIE HIS HANDS AND GET HIM DOWN TO THE BOAT... WE'LL TIE A ROCK TO HIS FEET AND DROP HIM OVERBOARD OUT AT SEA.
OKAY, BOSS. CAREFUL, BOYS... YOU GOTTA FEEL YOUR WAY ALONG. NO LIGHTS, OR THE COPS'LL BE AFTER US.
THEY'RE GOING TO KILL ME... AND I'M HELPLESS BECAUSE I CAN'T DO MAGIC UNLESS I CAN SEE...


RUMBLE
THE SOUND OF THUNDER... IF I CAN STALL THEM OFF A FEW MINUTES I MAY ESCAPE. I'LL GIVE IT A TRY...
STOP... DON'T KILL ME, AND I'LL TELL YOU HOW MENTO DOES HIS MIND-READING! IT'S A TRICK...
HEAR THAT, LOOPY? I TOLD YOU SO.
MENTO SENDS FREE TICKETS TO PEOPLE WHOSE MINDS HE PRETENDS TO READ LATER... THEN HAS THEM FOLLOWED AND WATCHED...
GET IT, LOOPY? THAT'S HOW HE KNEW MY CAR NUMBER....
YEAH, BUT WHAT ABOUT ZATARA'S BOOK?
THAT WAS EASY... I HAD BOUGHT THE BOOK THAT VERY DAY AND SPENT SOME TIME READING IT... NATURALLY, I'D THINK OF IT...

AND THEN... WHAT ZATARA HAS BEEN HOPING FOR TAKES PLACE... A JAGGED ELECTRIC BOLT SHATTERS THE BLACKNESS...
I KNEW THE LIGHTNING WOULD COME SOON... NOW MY MAGIC WILL WORK... AES, EZISPAC TAOB,! YM SEPOR EITNU.!


ONLY FOR A BRIEF INSTANT DOES THE LIGHTNING FLASH - BUT IT IS LONG ENOUGH FOR ZATARA TO WORK HIS MAGIC.!
SUPOTCO, EMOC OT EM.!
YIIII...

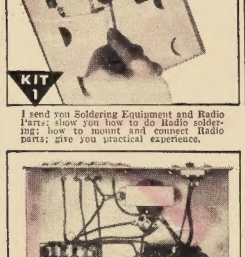
SECONDS LATER...
EEEHH... MAKE HIM LEGGO!
OKAY, OCTY. DEPOSIT THEM ON SHORE, AND I'LL TRY ONE LAST BIT OF MAGIC WITH A MONOCLE...


ANOTHER COMMAND FROM ZATARA, AND PRESENTLY ON THE PIER...
HE MADE MY MONOCLE GROW INTO A GLASS DOME.! WE CAN'T GET OUT.!
NOW FOR A JUDGE ... AND I DON'T HAVE TO BE A MIND-READER TO GUESS WHAT SORT OF SENTENCE HE'LL GIVE YOU.!
THE END

VOLTO
FROM MARS
HIS MAGNETIC POWERS FOIL A VICIOUS SABOTAGE PLOT AGAINST OUR OCCUPATION FORCES...AND SAVE LILY FROM THE FOREIGN GANGSTERS!
HOT ON THE TRAIL OF LILY'S KIDNAPPERS, JOE AND JIMMY MOVE IN FOR THE RESCUE...
LOOK! THERE'S THEIR HIDE-OUT!
THEY'RE TRYING TO MAKE HER TELL GOVERNMENT SECRETS! WE'D BETTER GET VOLTO!
I'M WITH YOU, BOYS! NOW FOR ACTION! WHEN I SAY "VOLTO!" MY LEFT HAND REPELS!
VOLTO!
AS ONE THUG SNATCHES LILY, TRIES TO RUSH HER AWAY...
NO YOU DON'T, BLIM! MY RIGHT HAND ATTRACTS!
VOLTO
LILY AND THE GOV'T. SECRETS... BOTH SAFE! HOW CAN WE EVER THANK YOU?
SKIP THE ORCHIDS, JOE. BUT IF YOU'VE ANY WHOLE-GRAIN CEREAL--LIKE GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES --I SURE COULD USE SOME TO RE-CHARGE MY MAGNETISM!
COPR. 1946, GENERAL FOODS CORP.
COMING UP, VOLTO! GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES WERE JUST MADE TO ORDER FOR FOLKS WHO WANT EXTRA ENERGY! GRANDEST-TASTIN' CEREAL ON EARTH!
IT'S SWELL... NOTHING LIKE IT ON MARS!
Grape-Nuts Flakes
WHOLE-GRAIN
TUNE IN HOP HARRIGAN ABC NETWORK 4:45 MON. THRU FRI.

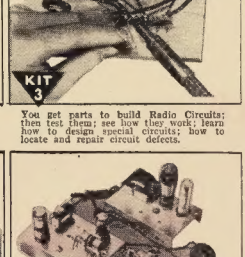
I Will Show You How to Learn RADIO by Practicing in Spare Time

I Send You 6 Big Kits of Radio Parts



I send you Soldering Equipment and Radio Parts; show you how to do Radio soldering; how to mount and connect Radio parts; give you practical experience.

Early in my Course I show you how to build this N.R.I. Tester with parts I send. It soon helps you fix neighborhood Radios and earn EXTRA money in spare time.



You get parts to build Radio Circuits; then test them; see how they work; learn how to design special circuits; how to locate and repair circuit defects.

You get parts to build this Vacuum Tube Power Pack; make changes which give you experience with packs of many kinds; learn to correct power pack troubles.

Building this A. M. Signal Generator gives you more valuable experience. It provides amplitude-modulated signals for many tests and experiments.

You build this Superheterodyne Receiver which brings in local and distant stations—and gives you more experience to help you win success in Radio

KNOW RADIO—*Win Success*

I Will Train You at Home—SAMPLE LESSON FREE

Send coupon for FREE Sample Lesson, "Getting Acquainted with Receiver Servicing," and FREE 64-page book, "Win Rich Rewards in Radio." See how N.R.I. trains you at home. Read how you practice building, testing, repairing Radios with SIX BIG KITS of Radio parts I send you.

Future for Trained Men is Bright in Radio, Television, Electronics

The Radio Repair business is booming NOW. Fixing Radios pays good money as a spare time or full time business. Trained Radio Technicians also find wide-open opportunities in Police, Aviation, Marine Radio, in Broadcasting, Radio Manufacturing, Public Address work, etc. Think of the boom coming now that new Radios can be made! Think of even greater opportunities when Television and Electronics are available to the public!

Many Beginners Soon Make $5, $10 a Week EXTRA in Spare Time

The day you enroll I start sending EXTRA MONEY JOB SHEETS to help you make EXTRA money fixing Radios in spare time while learning. MAIL COUPON for sample lesson and 64-page book FREE. It's packed with facts about opportunities for you. Read about my Course. Read letters from men I trained, telling what they are doing, earning. MAIL COUPON in envelope or paste on penny postal.

My Course Includes Training in TELEVISION • ELECTRONICS FREQUENCY MODULATION

J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 6CB9, National Radio Institute, *Pioneer Home Study Radio School,* **Washington 9, D. C.**

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Good for Both—FREE

MR. J. E. SMITH, Pres., Dept. 6CB9
National Radio Institute, Washington 9, D. C.

Mail me FREE, without obligation, your sample lesson and 64-page book. (No salesman will call. Please write plainly.)

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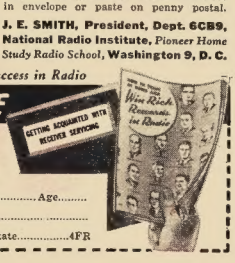


The Shell with a "RADIO BRAIN!"

THE TRUE STORY OF A MIGHTY SECRET WEAPON OF WORLD WAR II

DECEMBER 10, 1941—three days after Pearl Harbor—Jap planes sank the "Prince of Wales" and "Repulse." Was the day of the surface-ship over?

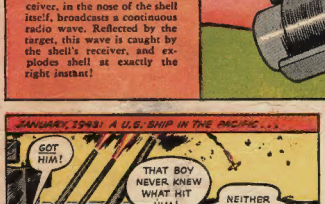
IN WASHINGTON: CAN AMERICAN INGENUITY FIND THE ANSWER?

LATER

THE NEW SECRET WEAPON—THE

VT FUSE

5-tube radio sender and receiver, in the nose of the shell itself, broadcasts a continuous radio wave. Reflected by the target, this wave is caught by the shell's receiver, and explodes shell at exactly the right instant!



79% OF ALL V-BOMBS IN ONE WEEK KNOCKED DOWN BY ANTI-AIRCRAFT!

London, Sept. 21. It can now be revealed that only the unprecedented accuracy of anti-aircraft installations saved London from vastly [illegible] age by "[illegible]" tacks during [illegible]

NAVY FIGHTS OFF KAMIKAZE —ONLY 1% GET THROUGH!

With the Fifth Fleet, Nov. 14 (Delayed). Highly effective fighter and anti-aircraft activity continued to knock down "Kamikaze" suicide planes attacking the U.S. Pacific Fleet. Of every [illegible] planes attacking the [illegible] ships, only [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]